THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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GLENDALOUGH.

Miss Banim's Romantic Description of a Locality Famed in Irish Song and Story.

Something About St. Kevin, and the Banishment of the Sky Larks.

GLENDALOUGH.

Not very far from a large building which saw sad Irish hearts within its walls in '08, we cross the river into the Vale of Laragh, and soon, right in the centre of the lofty mountains, we catch the first glimpse of the round tower which stands, perfect as it stood ages ago, when Saint Kevin built his churches and founded the city of Glendalough; and shortly we see, amidst a group of trees on the far side of the water, the first, and in some respects the most beautiful of the Seven Churches—the Priory, or Monastery, also called St. Savior's Church. Then we begin to see all the loveliness of this gem among Ireland's many lovely valleys.

"Welcome, ladies and gentlemen, to the Holy Land. Welcome to the loveliest vale in all the world, and to Derrybawn, the prettiest mountain in creation."

The salutation comes from Pat Barrett, who lifts his hat—decorated with a little badge of scarlet feather—and shows the grave, dark, Celtic face of the descendant of guides. He is the only Glendalough guide I know, so I cannot draw comparisons, but I know he is a good one, with a wonderful fund of patience for the whims and cranks of people who want at one moment to sketch every blessed stone, ruin, mountain and tree, and in the next get all the lace ferns that grow in the most inaccessible spots. He has an endless stock of reliable information, and a large and varied stock of fancy ware, with a seriousness of countenance which can only give way when he finds himself good humoredly caught in his own net, when he takes the trip up with real glee.

"Before going through the vale you want to sketch the best view of the whole? You see that white rock above on the hillside? There's where Sir Walter Scott spent three weeks in 1835, draying the city. 'Oh! Glendalough,' says he, 'I've traveled Asia—I've seen Arabia, Italy, Spain and Greece—but the equal to your sweet beauty and holy solitudes no dreams could picture!' He never left till he drew every ruin and cross and stone. You can mount the hill (there's a ladder to cross the fence), and when you come down you'll find me ready and able to show all that's in Glendalough, and more. Everyone knows Barrett—that guided royalty—and all the world, including Chinese, Americans, Australians, and Mounted Mr. Kavanagh, of Borris, into St. Kevin's bed, and had Mr. Gladstone here nine years ago. He thought hard of ever quitting the priory ruins, and thought of settling at Glendalough for the rest of his life, only there was some little business that couldn't be put off waiting for him at the other side of the water. At your service, then, my ladies, whenever your convience suits." And with his mountaineers hat lifted, the voluble guide bounds off downhill towards a party of new arrivals, practicing on the way one of his clear, ringing shouts for the echoes of Camaderrig.

HILLSIDE OF BROCCAGH.

The guide spoke truly when he said there was a lovely view from the hillside of Carragh. Often as I had heard of Glendalough, I had never conceived an idea of anything like the beauty of the reality. No picture of the place, at least none that I had ever seen, can give even a faint notion of what Glendalough is when at its full beauty, as I saw it that resplendent May day. Impossible at such a time to realize how it ever could have inspired such a line as—

"By that lake, whose gloomy shore"—

I do not know any place that looks well on a pouring wet or bleak, threatening day. Moore must have first beheld the valley under such an aspect, but visit it on a day such as I describe, sit for an hour on the slope of Broccagh, first take in every feature in detail, then this entire solemn, peaceful scene—exquisite alike in coloring, in outline, in its lights and shadows, in the rare fitness of each part to the other that makes one perfect whole, never to be forgotten—different from all other places. Surely, it was in flowery May that St. Kevin first saw and determined to dwell in that holy, calm valley; the very formation of the place would suggest to him a vast temple, for on the three sides the walls of majestic mountains rise, leaving open only one roadway, like a great cathedral door.

What painting could give that blue sky, just flecked by one light cloud; the gold-green valley, a flood of sunlight, save where a few shadows, creeping down the cliffs of Lugduff, give relief to the brilliant coloring and bring a sense of cooling shade that will refresh us when wearied by the hot sun; the two lakes, now a deep blue and smiling like the heaven above them, though their limpid waters—a mellow brown when seen closely—can be tossed by fierce storms too, while today they seem only made to play with the diamond sprrkles dancing on their thousand wavelets; there is not even a shadow in their depths from the bold cliffs of Lugduff that rise eight hundred feet sheer out of the lake. On the four graceful mountains that compass the valley round there is, on such a day, but the joyous breath of early summer. The young growth of oaks on Derrybawn makes us understand why it is called the mountain of the white, or fair oaks, for the life that seems to penetrate every single young leaflet gives to them a fair golden tint that is quite different from the coloring of the old oak woods. Then, beside them, and in places where the trees have been cleared, are patches of green and gold brown heather that are very lovely near the young oaks and the ewes that crown Derrybawn. Mountain behind mountain pile like clouds at the back of steep Lugduff, their outlines showing where the wildest glens of Wicklow lie. To the west Mullacor closes in the head of the valley, and near its base lapped by the waters of both lakes, Camaderry sweeps round to meet the Broccagh; its sides, in parts bare and rugged, and showing great bluffs that overhang the valley, are farther on covered from base to summit with a thick growth of many hued firs, and yet again with a wide shelving lawn studded with houses, as is also the white road that runs along parallel for a while with St. Kevin's ancient

"BRIDLE ROAD"

—the latter marked by rude stone crosses, centuries old, set at intervals beside the lake, then across the valley between the lakes, and on by that little group of trees where Father Matthew stood while administering the pledge to a vast concourse of pilgrims.

In the very heart of the valley are the round tower and the ruins of the churches and monastery—now a quiet city of the dead, and all that remains to mark where once was a city whose inhabitants were renowned for their piety and learning.

As the very heart of the valley are the round tower and the ruins of the churches and monastery—now a quiet city whose inhabitants were renowned for their piety and learning.

As the midday sun rises over Derrybawn, the shadows slowly creep down the cliffs above St. Kevin's bed, but do not yet touch the lakes, and a faint blue air, far thinner than mist, tones down every rugged crag. There is a wonderful quiet over the whole—a stillness that has nothing sad or even lonely in it; rather it is something like one's idea of eternal rest—of being in a spot perfectly and for ever free from all the hurry of life, yet with life in it too, only not the bustle, the uneasy stir of a world with anxious cares on every side. Here there is plenty of sound in the air—not noise, but music. The bleat of a lamb; the grave answer of its mother; the voice of the river, rising and falling as it winds its way from the lake through the vale and down by round tower, ruined churches, and the graves of those at rest.

There is a tradition that tells why no skylark warbles o'er this glen. Saint Kevin, say the people, had the kindest heart in the world for those who toil, and as he was building his monastery, to him came his workmen to complain that, wearied as they were after their daily labor, they could not get a fair night's rest, so loudly did the skylarks sing at day-dawn. In those days a workman's maxim was to rise with the lark and lie down with the lamb, and there was so great a concourse of larks in Glendalough that in the early dawn the whole air was filled with their song. Saint Kevin, to spare his men, banished the skylarks from the holy city, but, when dying, he forgot to remove the ban, and from that day to this the birds have not been seen in Glendalough, and never more can the glad song of the lark be heard in the valley; even if brought, the little birds, it is said, could not live one hour.

But how these linnets, goldfinches, and robins are singing—singing with all their might and main, as if to make up to us and to the glorious day for want of the lark; and wonderful it is to hear how such tiny creatures can make the whole air vibrate with their voices.

There go a shepherd, his dog and his flock of sheep, passing between the trees on the road below and making quite a commotion for a few minutes, so much so as to surprise the daws, that build up under the very cap of the old round tower, and who are so in tone with the quiet ways of their home that they have a sedate manner of wheeling about and in and out of their lofty dwelling.

It is difficult to picture to oneself this unique spot other than as it is to-day; difficult to associate it with anything but tranquil rest—always silent, save for those pastoral voices so in harmony with it—so peaceful and so beautiful in its present repose that even the sight of all those ruins can scarcely aid one to realize the valley as the scene of a city's busy life; yet it was so for ages.

In the early part of the sixth century a noble youth named Caoimgin, or Kelvin, charmed by the calm and beauty of this solitude in the midst of majestic mountains, made his home here on the shore of the lake. Here he lived such a holy life that gradually, many other men were attracted to the spot. Before long churches, monasteries, and schools encircled the round tower, and so famous grew the sanctity and learning of the hermits of Gleann-da-Locha (Glen of the Two Lakes) that crowds came to profit by their wisdom, their knowledge and their holy example. Amongst those attracted to the place was Saint Mochnorog, a Briton, who, leaving his country, came to dwell with Saint Kevin in Glendalough. A city was founded and a Bishop's See erected; the latter included all Wicklow and a part of Dublin, and was known to Latin writers as the Bishopric of the Two Lakes. The diocese extended to the very walls of Dublin, whose Bishops were suffragans of Glendalough for over six hundred years. Glendalough was nominally annexed to Dublin 1214, but the Irish of Wicklow refused to acknowledge the authority of the Anglo Norman bishops, and for two hundred years longer the Clan of O'Tuathail (O'Toole), Kings of Imaile, an extensive territory in the west of Wicklow—continued to appoint to the Bishopric of Glendalough.—*Mary Banim in the Dublin Freeman.*

Unless more care is given to the hair the coming man is liable to be a hairless animal; hence, to prevent the hair from falling use Hall's Hair Renewer.

CATHOLIC NEWS.

Events of Interest to the Church in Rome, Ireland, and Elsewhere.

Clerical Changes—Beatifications—Visitors in Rome—Local Items.

FROM IRELAND.

THE USUAL ANNUAL CONCURSUS

for places in the College of Maynooth, the Irish College in Paris, &c., took place at the Diocesan Seminary, Killarney, and were conducted by the president, Rev. David O'Leary, assisted by the Very Rev. Canon Irwin, P.P., Castleisland, and Rev. J. O'Leary, P.P., Ballymacelligot. There were eight places, and fourteen of the students presented themselves. The successful candidates were William O'Connor, Killarney, first place; Maurice Costello, Ardfert, second; Andrew Fitzgerald, Ballymacelligot, third; Patrick Fitzgerald, Kilmoyle, fourth; Thomas Jones, Tralee, fifth; Jeremiah Dillon, Listowel, sixth; Michael Angland, Kingwilliamstown, seventh, and Jeremiah O'Connor, Listowel, eighth.

INTRODUCING THE NEW DEAN.

The ceremony of introducing the new dean, the Very Rev. Denis McSwiney, P.P., Bandon, took place at the Cathedral, Cork, last week, in presence of the chapter and priests of the diocese. The occasion was marked by the exhibition of great cordiality to Dean McSwiney on the part of all, and the chapter presented the address which bore high testimony to the fitness of the dean for his distinguished office. The address was read by the Venerable Archdeacon Coughlan, P.P., on behalf of the chapter, and an admirable reply made by the dean, who, in referring to his uncle, Rev. Dr. Patrick McSwiney, whose memory is so honorably identified with the restoration of the Irish College at Paris of which he was wresident from 1825 to 1850, took occasion to rebuke the uncivil frivolity of the writer in the *Weekly Freeman*, who, in his "Footprints of Irishmen on the Continent," speaking of the Irish College at Paris, only mentioned Dr. McSwiney's name, and dismissed it with a scornful "he was a Tory." Truly, observed the dean, we Irishmen are often unfair to one another. Dr. McSwiney was an ardent lover of Ireland. He entertained the men of '48 when they sought refuge in Paris; he never hindered the students from the moderate expression of feeling on the political affairs of Ireland; and his last words to them, on his departure from the college for ever, was: "Never forget your dear country."

BELLAGHY MISSION.

A mission of two weeks duration opened in the new church lately erected in the parish of Ballysciullion by three Fathers of the Society of the Holy Ghost from Blackrock College, Dublin. For many years the Catholics of the parish had only a very poor structure wherein to assist at the holy sacrifice of the mass and offer up their prayers to the Living God. Thanks to the energy of their good and pious parish priest, Very Rev. Father McClosky, a spacious, solid, and beautiful edifice now takes the place of the old building.

CLERICAL CHANGES.

The Rev. J. O'Donnell, C.C., Dunhill, has been removed to Ring and Old Parish. The reverend gentleman labored assiduously among the people of Fenor and Dunhill for six years, during which time he gained the respect and esteem of all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

CONVENT OF ST. LOUIS.

The Sisters of St. Louis are about to transfer their convent from Monaghan to Essex Castle, Carrickmacross. Essex Castle was once the manor of The Mac Mahons, lords of Farney, from whom it was confiscated by Queen Elizabeth and bestowed on Walter Devereux, second earl of Essex, May 9, 1576, in whose family it remained, until by a disposition of Providence, it once more reverts to Catholic owners. The Sisters have expended over £3 000 in fitting up the castle, and they have everything now in readiness to open their boarding school on Monday, Sept. 1. The situation is charming, the locality healthy, and the castle is fitted up in the most approved style, making it in every way most desirable as an educational establishment. The Sisters of St. Louis have achieved remarkable success as teachers in every department of education, and at the intermediate examination they have been in the front rank of the convents of Ireland since the introduction of that system. There are lawn tennis courts attached to the convent and a beautiful avenue over a mile in length winding by a lake of much beauty.

RECEIVED THE BEQUEST.

The Sisters of Charity, Drogheda, have acknowledged the receipt, per C. Tighe, Esq., of £100, amount of bequest of the late William Jones, towards their fund for the poor of Drogheda.

PRESENTED WITH A PURSE.

The people of Leckpatrick and Donaghready, Derry, have presented Rev. Joseph McKeeny, C.C., with an address and a purse of sovereigns.

DEATH OF FATHER KELLY.

The Rev. E. Kelly, P.P., Lisburn, died on July 14, after an illness of several months, in the 69th year of his ministry. Father Kelly was a native of Dublin, and was educated in the old Seminary, Belfast, and at Maynooth. After his ordination he became professor of classics and mathematics in the seminary, now St. Malachy's College. In 1839 he was appointed P.P. of Lisburn, where his scholarship not less than his piety and his assiduous missionary labors rendered him a great favorite.

OFFICE AND HIGH MASS.

The anniversary office and high mass for the late Rev. M. Kelly, Adm., of Wexford, took place at the Church of the Immaculate Conception. The lord bishop presided, the celebrant being Rev. E Alward, Adm.; deacon, Rev. T. Cloney, C.C.; sub-deacon, Rev. J. Prandy, C.C.; master of ceremonies, and the Rev. P. M. O'Leary, C.C.

Died, at St. Mary's Priory, Cork, Very Rev. Dr. Russell, O.P., aged 92 years.

FROM ROME.

BEATIFICATIONS.

On July 10 the Sacred Congregation of Rites had a sitting to consider the cause of the beatification of the Venerable Fathers Cassien of Nantes, and Agathange, of Vendome, Capuchins, who suffered martyrdom in Abyssinia in the sixteenth century, and on Friday, July 11, in the Vatican, in the presence of Cardinal Verga, a preparatory council was held to consider the virtues of the Venerable Giovanna Maria Solimani, foundress of the order known as "Battistine."

IRELAND'S REPRESENTATIVES

here have, up to the present, done honor to their country in the examinations; good accounts are given of all, but especially are to be noted the Rev. Martin Howlett, Rev. Thomas Quinn, O.P.; Rev. Ambrose Barry, O.S.A.; and Messrs. Bernard Bone and Patrick Rally.

VISITORS.

Among the visitors who have recently arrived in the city are Father J. McNichols, of New York; Father T. Donahue, of Burlington; Mr. T. P. Gill, M.P.; Mr. William Dougherty, and Mr. Arbuckle. On Wednesday, July 16, by the first train for Florence, his Grace Mgr. Corrigan, accompanied by Mgr. C. McDonnell, left the Holy City. His Grace was saluted at the station by many friends, both lay and cleric. It is the intention of the archbishop to visit Ireland before returning to America.

THE POPE.

Reuter's Telegraph Agency publishes the following: "The Pope this morning (July 15) paid a visit to the studio of Sig. Aurell, the eminent sculptor, in order to inspect the statue of St. Thomas Aquinas. His Holiness passed through a small portion of the city outside St. Peter's, the two papal carriages leaving the Vatican by the gate in the Via Fondamanta. The Pope was accompanied by two of the Guardias Nobles and attendants. On returning his Holiness entered by the gate in the Via Del Muset. As the Pope passed the royal mint the guard presented arms in accordance with the provision of the law of guarantees.

LOCAL CATHOLIC NEWS.

The Union Catholic Library Association had an excursion on the lake last Monday evening.

The Holy Name Total Abstinence Society held a picnic on Wednesday at Highland Park.

The Rev. Father Schapman has been confirmed as president of St. Xavier College, Cincinnati.

The academies of the Sacred Heart will soon extend their curriculum, including a complete course of Latin.

The corner stone of a new church, at Freeport, will be laid Aug 3 by the Right Rev. Bishop Cotter, of Minnesota.

The Rev. John Masterson, S. J., chaplain of St. Francis Institution, at Osage Mission, Kansas, who has been visiting friends here, returned to his charge last Tuesday.

The Rev. Father Hill, S.J., of the Sacred Heart church, started Tuesday for an extended visit to religious in the West, including St. Joseph, Omaha, and Dubuque. He will be absent until the last of the present month.

The corner stone of a new parochial school building for St. Vincent's parish, corner of Osgood and Webster streets, was laid last Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock with imposing ceremonies. The Very Rev. Father Dowling, vicar general, officiated.

Religious Orders of Our Country.

The following list shows the number of priests belonging to religious orders in the United States:

Jesuit Fathers, S. J.	637
Benedictine Fathers, O.S.B.	233
Franciscan Fathers, O.S.F.	231
Redemptorists, C.SS.R.	193
Dominicans, O.S.D.	96
Lazarists, C.M.	91
Capuchins, O.M.Cap.	82
Fathers of the Precious Blood, C.PP.S.	80
Paulonists, C.P.	57
Fathers of the Holy Cross, C.S.C.	53
Augustinian Fathers, O.S.A.	50
Oblate Fathers, O.M.I.	42
Fathers of the Society of Mary, S.M.	29
Minor Conventuals of St. Francis, O.M.C.	34
Carmelite Fathers, O.C.C.	32
Sulpitian Fathers, S.S.	22
Fathers of Mercy, S.P.M.	20
Fathers of the Holy Ghost, C.S.Sp.	27
Paulist Fathers, C.S.P.	22
Fathers of the Society of St. Joseph	19
Fathers of the Resurrection, C.R.	13
Servite Fathers, O.S.M.	10
Fathers of St. Viateur, C.S.V.	10
Fathers of the Pious Society of the Missions, P.S.M.	7
Missionary Fathers of the Sacred Heart, M.S.H.	5
Basilian Fathers, C.S.B.	3
Total number	2,217

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

"BOSSY DAUGHTERS."

Eleanor Kirk Takes a Whack at Them and Breaks a Lance for Their Poor Abused Mothers.

She Also Discusses Styles in Dress and the Qualities of Yeast.

NOYES' BEACH, WESTERLY, R. I., July 28.—There is nothing that so quickly and thoroughly rouses my indignation as the way in which mothers—to use a somewhat coarse but exceedingly expressive word—are "bossed" by their daughters. I think I am as provoked with the women who permit themselves to be so led and domineered over, as I am with those who do it. The education which experience, contact with the world, child bearing and child raising has brought to a woman seems to count for nothing with those who are just commencing to live a real life. In the estimation of some young women, the woman who has passed fifty is no longer capable of taking care of herself, and when she reaches the age of sixty she is not to be trusted to manage her own affairs. She often makes an excellent drudge under the management of her daughter, and can be depended upon to take care of the babies when the young folks go to the theatre or to the sea shore or the mountains. But she doesn't know enough to make a visit, or select a hat. She doesn't know when she wants to go to bed, or get up. In fact she is a machine to be wound up by her daughter. This is an abomination, and self-respecting women should not submit to it.

"Oh," said a fashionable young wife to a sweet-faced intelligent woman the other day, "I thought I told you to wear your surah instead of that sateen. I don't see why you can't remember."

A look of pain overspread the sensitive face. "I really forgot," was the apologetic answer, "but I'll go up and change it now." It goes without saying that this woman was a fool. She should have said, "I wear this gown because I prefer it, and shall continue to choose my own costume as long as I live." If this daughter had been properly brought up such an exhibition of bossy and bossed could not [illegible] place. One great drawback to the independence of elderly women is their financial dependence upon their married children. So many are compelled to give up their own establishments, take refuge in other homes with nothing but a housekeeping or cooking talent to recommend them to consideration. They are widowed and poor, and in the very prime of their lives condemned to slavery, for what bondage can be greater than the necessity of such submission? Now, if these women had been taught some trade or profession in their younger days this dependence upon sons, or sons in law, and this squirming under the thumbs of daughters who are wholly dependent upon their husbands, to whom mother is a burden and a nuisance, need never have been. But I must stop. This subject stirs up the very bitterest dregs of gall in my nature. Every woman should have some way of earning a living, and if she has not she is in her maturer years of all creatures most wretched.

Women are growing more sensible, as the great change in dress abundantly testifies. A critic writes that it would be in better taste for me not to do so much crowing on this subject, as the so called re'orm is caused entirely by the decrees of fashion, and if fashion had ordered that crockery bonnets and steel petticoats trimmed with silver dollars and bullion fringe should be worn, that there would be as many devotees of that style as of the present one. This is as ill natured as it is untrue. The very radical change in dress was brought about entirely through the efforts of intelligent women and scientific physicians. They made the public opinion which swayed the pattern-makers and the great designers all over the world. Even the great Redfern now advertises that every ounce of unnecessary weight is eliminated from the costumes of their patrons. No house was ever more ultra-fashionable than the house of Redfern & Co., and yet they are wheeling as grace fully into the line of reform as are all the rest, and certainly their gowns are very beautiful. In fact their designs never approached the present ones in artistic effect. Miss M. G. Anderson, of 305 Lexington avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., is prepared to make arrangements with this house for out of town customers, also with the Jenness Miller Co., for the selection of special articles. Miss Anderson asks only a 10 per cent commission for such work, and her orders are all promptly and satisfactorily filled. For new wrinkles about the wardrobes of infants, Miss Anderson is justly distinguished, and can select the most tasteful and economical layette of any buyer in the country. Give her an idea of the money you wish to invest, and she will furnish accordingly, from the tiny socks to the christening robe.

A correspondent thanks me very generously for my constant protests against fraudulent articles, and asks me to go for powdered sugar, which he declares is largely composed of marble dust, and for coffee which is two thirds beans. I think I know a factory where the common white bean is made into coffee, and it is my intention to "go for it" when I have the necessary data. I am sure also that the powdered sugar usually sold is so stingily saccharine as to require two cups where it only used to take one. A farmer's wife and a neighbor of mine at the beach, came to me recently deploring the failure of her bread. "Why, I have better luck with the yeast I make myself—though it is an awful lot of work and trouble," she said, "than I have with the yeast cakes that I buy." Now this woman knows the market is full of fraudulent preparations of all kinds, and yet she does not know enough to read the labels on yeast cakes before purchasing. It is astonishing how much flour a yeast cake can spoil. I am acquainted with a good cook who ruined six great batches of bread before she had sense enough to put on her spectacles and find out that she was not served with the yeast which had always proved unfailing. In regard to sugar, one is obliged to take a great deal on trust—no pun intended—but there is a sure test for coffee. Get coffee in the bean and grind it. Boil a spoonful five minutes, and if it is coffee you can reduce it to pulp with a spoon. It beans you can not. ELEANOR KIRK.

INTERESTING PAPERS.

[*New York Nation, July 3.*]

The ninth number of the *Journal of American Folk Lore* (April-June) opens with two articles which will attract especial attention from anthropologists. The first of these papers by Dr. Washington Matthews, U. S. A., contains an abstract of that part of the great creation and migration legend of the Navajoes which gives an account of the origin and accession of the several gentes. The legend declares a period of seven lives of old men, or from 500 to 700 years, to have elapsed since the creation of the pair forming the nuclear gens of the present composite Navajo nation; during the subsequent history of the tribe, it is described as continually incorporating with itself additions from many quarters, forming new gentes. Among these, for example, after the arrival of the Spaniards, are said to have been the descendants of a Mexican captive, constituting a gens which received the name of People of the White Stranger. The writer believes these gentes to have been in the first instance only local exogamous groups, no man being allowed to marry in his own village. He remarks that among the Navajoes both mother right and father-right exists, and that descent in both lines seems to be recognized as determining consanguinity.

In another paper intended to accompany that of Dr. Matthews, Capt. John G. Bourke, U. S. A., discusses the Gentile organization of the Apaches of Arizona. He gives lists of Apache gentes, adding those of the Moquis, of Zuni and other pueblos. Examining the origin of the nomenclature, he shows the small number of animal titles included, while he observes that in the list of Dr. Matthews there is not a single such title out of more than fifty gentes. He concludes that the entire nomenclature of the Apache and Navajo gentile systems is topographical, and that [illegible] animal totemic designations may have been developed out of names at first local; for example, a people living near the Wolf Spring, and called after their dwelling place, with natural taste for the marvellous, may have gloried in their association with the animal and in the distinction which they might derive from tracing their paternity to this source. "Primitive man," he remarks, "bothered himself very little about his ancestry. He gathered into little bands, and formed little communities, for the great purpose of protection against human and animal enemies." In regard to the effects attributed to totemic belief, he doubts the connection of tabus respecting foods with gentile titles, and thinks that observers have often confounded ceremonial feats with general prohibitions. The effect of these articles, both as tending to overthrow a widely-accepted theory of gentile origin, and as militating against the recent extension of the doctrine of totemism as a ready explanation for the phenomena of primitive religion, will lead to an animated discussion, and cause a closer investigation of the gentile system of other tribes than these systems have hitherto received.

"Oh, if I had only taken this medicine earlier in life, what years of suffering it would have saved me!" was the touching exclamation of one who had been cured of rheumatism by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Scores of such cases are on record.

If you want to send money to your family in Ireland you should check it at the White Star Line office, 54 South Clark street. The place is considered the best and cheapest in the West. There is no discount on their checks.

Notice.

The Wisconsin Central lines are now selling special Ten Ride Club Tickets between Chicago and Fox Lake, embodying railroad, omnibus and steamer coupons for Ten Dollars ($10). City Office No. 205 Clark street. Depot, corner Harrison street and Fifth avenue.

Home Seekers' Excursion Tickets

via the Wisconsin Central to all principal points in the Northwest including St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland and Duluth, will be on sale April 22, May 20, Sept. 9 and 25, and Oct. 14, at the rate of one fare for the round trip, at the City Ticket Office of the Wisconsin Central, No. 205 Clark street, and at the Grand Central Passenger Station, Harrison street and Fifth avenue, also at all the leading hotels

To the Deaf.

A person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years' standing by a simple remedy, will send a description of it FREE to any person who applies to NICHOLSON, 177 MacDougal street, New York.

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren st., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

THE BRITISH LIBRARY

"CONVICT NO. 25"

—OR—

The Clearances

—OF—

WESTMEATH.

BY JAMES MURPHY,

Author of "Hugh Roach, the Ribbonman," "Ulic Fitzmaurice," "The Fortunes of Maurice O'Donnell," "Nollie, or the Lost Treasure," "The Forge of Clohogue," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE LAST PARTING.

Unknowing of what was passing behind him in the town, Charley pursued his way homewards.

His heart was troubled vaguely, and he knew not why. Occasionally to drive away these ugly brooding thoughts, he cheered himself up with the reflection of the brave evening's work that had been done; and pictured to himself the bright vision of Kevin Moore, free from danger, and contrasted it with the same person pining in the prison cell with the sentence of death ringing in his ears. This stirred him up somewhat, and his heart grew higher as he thought what a new spirit the news would drive into men's hearts through the length and breadth of Westmeath. The effect, however, was but transient, and again, without knowing why an uncomfortable gloom settled upon him.

"I don't know what's amiss with me to night," said Charley at last; "I'm blest but I am as downhearted as if I were going to be hung myself. I can't stand this any longer. There's no use in going home until I feel better—I couldn't rest there. Stay! I know what I'll do, he reflected. "I'll go and see how Maury and Norah and Harry Canavan are. I wonder where the girls were when they heard the news, and how they took it. Poor Harry! how delighted he will be!—Poor fellow!"

This resolution put him into better spirits with himself; his heart beat freer, and with lighter steps he turned from the road into the well known short-cut through the fields.

He left the highway just in time to avoid meeting a carriage and four which was coming slowly towards him, the lamps shining through the heavy gloom of the autumn night like distant stars.

"That's Sir Hardinge's carriage," he said, as he paused inside the hedge and awaited its approach; "I wonder what brings him this way. There's no way for him to stop in Grangemore now. That's past and gone, whatever or whoever set it on fire. Maybe he came out to look at the ruins. I wonder if he thinks of those he often left without a roofree or shelter himself—or without a bit to eat either. I suppose not. Well, the scales will be weighed for him some time or another—in this world or the next."

With which unconsolatory reflection, Charley, the carriage lamps having disappeared in a turning of the road, pursued his way across the fields, until he came in sight of Orchard Cottage.

"The lights are burning in the window," he said as he prepared to vault across a gate leading into the boreen, "they're not gone to rest yet. They'll be glad to see me I know. But—hallo! what in the thunder is this? what on earth can be up now?" as the trotting of horses and the jingle of military accoutrements fell on his ear. "I declare to heaven! if it is not the soldiers again! what brought them here now? Searching for Kevin, no doubt. Well, I wish them joy of their chance. It's a mortal pity that they haven't—well no matter, maybe the time is coming?"

With which disconnected thoughts floating in fragmentary fashion in his brain, the young fellow stood behind the hedge until they had cantered past; then, lightly vaulted over the five-barred gate and proceeded towards the house, entered the bawn, and approached the open door.

"Good night Maury," he whispered in the ear of the young girl, as she happened to pass from the kitchen to the parlor, at that moment, with a lighted candle in her hand.

"Is that you, Charley," said Maury with a slight scream, as she raised the candle above her eyes the better to see him; "you nearly frightened me. When did you come?"

"This minute. Tell me, Maury—what brought the soldiers here? Were they looking for——"

"Ay, Charley, that's what brought them," said Maury extending her white hand with hearty warmth.

"Well, they didn't find him, Maury?" said Charley gaily.

"No, they didn't," said Maury cheerfully. "Thank God for your stout heart, Charley. Faix it's proud your mother ought to be of you. If Westmeath had many like you—or Ireland either—its altered times we'd have."

"I'd be very glad to hear you say that—if Kevin warn't to the fore," said Charley with a droll gravity, which caused an answering smile to flit across the girl's face. "But in truth and in fact I had little to do with it. How is Norah?"

"Grand and delighted."

"Poor girl! how glad I am for her good news! and how is Harry Canavan?"

The girl's face fell.

"Wait a moment, Charley. I'll tell you if he can see you—if he's awake. Poor fellow! he has slept but little these past few nights."

She returned almost immediately.

"Come along, Charley," she said. "He's anxious to see you. He has not been at all well this evening. Don't let him weary himself speaking too much."

He was not at all well, indeed, as the first glance of the visitor's eyes assured him. There was a pallor in his face, which was something more this latter felt—the while a fluttering grew at his heart—than the paleness of mere illness or delicacy. There was an unusual light in his half opened eyes that struck him even more remarkably, and impressed him unaccountably with a feeling of awe. It seemed as if it were the first rays of a distant and mysterious light falling on them for the first time. A glassy fixed reflexion which overbore, or altered strangely, the usual brightness and intelligence of these orbs.

Norah was sitting by the bedside, holding his hand. The patient seemed to be slumbering, with unclosed eyes.

"How is he, Norah?" Charley whispered, laying his hands on each of her shoulders, and breathing the question into her ear. A slight inclination of the girl's head mationed him to be silent, but the whisper seemed to fall on the slumberer's ears and woke him.

"Charley!" he said with a faint smile which had some of its old brightness.

"It is I, Harry, my poor fellow. How do you feel tonight."

"I don't know, Charley—I think better. Some change has come over me, and I think it is for the better. I think I feel stronger." He made a motion as if he would shake hands, but the visitor anticipated his intention, and pressed the united hands of Norah and his.

As he did so, a tear dropped from the girl's eyes fell on his hand. It explained to him more eloquently than words could do how matters were. Unable to control her feelings, or perhaps afraid of the invalid's noticing her tears, Norah quietly withdrew from the apartment.

"Well, Charley," said the former, after a pause in which he seemed from his closed eyes and languid appearance to be asleep, "that Spartan stratagem was put in practice successfully."

"It was, Harry," said Charley, arousing himself from his own reflections.

"And Kevin is free?"

"Free—never to be retaken."

"Thank God!"

There was a pause for some seconds, during which Charley hesitated to renew the conversation.

"Charley!"

"Yes, Harry."

"Do you know I feel very weak—strangely weak."

"You will be better after a short time, Harry."

"I fear not. I have often read of the change that comes before death. It must be that, that has come over me this evening. Even since you came in I feel altered."

"It is only a fancy."

"No. It is reality. I know it. One always does, we are told. I do."

"Don't entertain that notion. Don't give way. It is only a passing weakness."

"It is more than that. But it is not of that I want to speak."

"Yes?"

"No; nor of that, Charley, but of the people. What will become of them, finally?"

"Heaven only knows," said Charley despondingly.

"They have no one to look to but themselves. No one, Charley. Tell them, therefore, to be true to one another, and to stand by the Society. It is their only safety."

"You will be able to tell them your self," said his friend, assuming a cheerfulness he was far from feeling.

"No, Charley, I feel I shall never leave this bed. Perhaps it is as well, though I am sorry I could not live long enough to see our organization perfected. But tell our friends to stand by one another and by their homes and families. They have no one but themselves to look to."

"Not one," said Charley assentingly.

"Well there is no law, ancient or modern, that teaches people they must consent to see their families done to death before their eyes—for it means that, Charley—without raising a hand to protect them."

"I should think not," said Charley.

"No. History, sacred and profane, teaches otherwise. Preservation and protection of one's self and one's own is the first law of nature. Whose acts or teaches otherwise is guilty of crime afainst nature's laws."

There was a pause here, occasioned by a heavy fit of coughing on the part of the speaker. When it had ceased Charley was surprised to see how suddenly the eyes of the sick man had sunk into his head—and how far.

"Charley, I feel I am too weak for much talking."

"Don't speak any more, Harry," said his friend with affectionate sympathy in his words and deep sorraw in his heart.

But the prophet's thoughts had wandered and he heard him not.

There was a longer pause this time, which was broken by the invalid.

"There was a time, Charley, when I had hoped to kindle such a life among the people—to bind them together so firmly—that one could no more be rooted out of his land, than you could pull a stone out of the tower of Mullanamore; to bind them together against their oppressors with ties, secret or otherwise, stronger than adamant. But it was not decreed."

"You will live to accomplish it yet, Harry."

"No, Charley, the night is darkening, the curtain is falling. I feel that I am drawing to the threshold of the other world. But tell them, Charley, what I have said. Tell them to hold their land, and hold their homes. They may be denounced for it now by many who ought not, but I tell you, Charley, that in years to come, those who are prepared to do so, will not be, as now, banned and anathemated, but will be looked up to as brave men and true heroes."

There was a longer pause than usual. The sick youth lay back with closed eyes; and so changed had his face become that for a moment the blood rushed back to his heart, for he thought he was dead. But the slight heave of his breast showed otherwise and stayed his surprise.

There was a long and continued silence, during which, save the beating of Charley's hear', no sound arose in the little apartment.

"Was I sleeping, Charley?"

"I think you were."

"I must have been. Charley, will you ask Norah to come to me? You will excuse me"—and one of his old droll smiles brightened over his face—"for turning you out."

"All right, Harry. I want to speak to Maury, so I shall be near at hand when you wish to see me," and delighted to see a gleam—even a faint one—of the once attractive brightness come over his friend, Charley departed on his errand.

"Norah," said the patient, as she promptly entered and resumed her seat by his side, "I feel the great change is coming to me. I have grown much weaker since you left."

"Can I do anything for you, Harry?" Norah asked with difficulty repressing her tears.

"I am as easy as I can be. If you would only, Norah, sit where I can see you I should be glad. My eyes are growing dim, Norah, and I cannot see you unless the light shines full on your face."

"Dear Harry?"

"Ah, Norah," said the invalid, with a strange tenderness in his low words, "it was always new life to me to see your face. It ever caused happiness that I could not account for to my heart. Oh, the cloud of sorrow and loneliness and disappointment that fell on me when you went away."

"Poor Harry!" said Norah, as wholly unable to control her sorrow, she bent over his hand and kissed it whilst her hot tears fell thereon.

"So it was, Norah, with me. Whenever I had great dreams—and I had high dreams and bright anticipations once—they were always associated with you. If I read in ancient Irish story of a beautiful princess, I associated her with you. If down the glittering page of antique legend and romance fair forms of saint or lover became enpictured, I always thought of you—always."

Norah could make no remark, but bathed his hand with her flood of tears, whilst a fit of coughing stopped his utterance.

"These dreams are all past, Norah, and perhaps I should not mention them, nor would I but that I have a favor to ask!"

Norah, the tears rolling down her face, lifted her blue eyes in gentle query to his.

A faint smile again brightened over his face—so passing, indeed, that it was scarcely perceptible—as her eyes rested on him.

"It is this, Norah: that you will hold my hand when the final moment comes—that my hand may feel the clasp of yours."

"Oh, Harry!" broke from Norah in great anguish and sorrow.

——"And that you will, Norah, come sometimes to my grave and pray over it. There is a happy future before you, Norah, and it will not render it, I hope, the less so to know that there is sleeping there for ever one who—who—loved you dearly. Promise me, Norah."

"Oh, Harry, I do promise—but I hope it will be long until——"

"No, Norah, not long. I feel the next world fast approaching. It Father John——"

The door softly opened, and the priest entered. The eyes of the old woman, more accustomed than the girls to the shadow that death sends before, had seen earlier the approach of the dread comer, and had sent for him.

At a gentle touch of his hand on her shoulder Norah rose and withdrew, and the priest took her place.

In half an hour or so, the voice of the priest, calling to them from the door, summoned the little household to the bedside.

The patient was falling into a doze or sleep.

The lighted candle was in his hand, and the emblem of salvation to his lips. A marked alteration had, even during that short time, taken place in him. That the great change was coming to him was now palpable to all.

They knelt to say the litany for the dying, whilst Norah took his hand gently in hers, and with the other kept the crucifix before his face.

He was saying something which she could not hear. She bent over him to listen.

"What is it, Harry?"

"I know now, Norah, who struck me. It was the Scotch steward. He was here just now. God forgive——"

His whisper failed, and his eyes falling on the cross, closed; he seemed in prayer.

Opening them again, his gaze went vacantly round the room; but alighting on her face a faint light seemed to grow in them—to gather into them—remain there for the briefest interval of time, and then suddenly fly therefrom!

Suddenly fly thereout! Like a brief glimmer of sunlight falling on glass and instantaneously vanishing; and with it a strange feeling of absence and oblivion. So silent, so mysterious, and so irrevocable.

"He is gone. May the Lord receive his soul," said Father John solemnly.

A cry, blended of surprise and sorrow, burst from the two girls. It was only then they realized what that suddenly vanishing light meant, and that the great and mysterious moment had indeed come and passed!

Poor prophet! Until the great day comes when all the sons of men shall be gathered together to receive judgment for their evil works, there shall be no more account of thee! Roofless homes and ruined hearts in Westmeath shall no more trouble thee. Bright dreams of freedom and liberty—of an enfreedomed people and a happy land—shall never kindle rapture in thy heart!

The heavens be thy bed, and the light of glory to thine eyes!

They knelt around the bed, with eyes suffused with tears, to say the prayers for the departed—when they were startled from them by the tread of horses cantering into the yard and a hurried knocking at the door.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

FROM NEW YORK.

A Grand Air Garden Proposed—An Important Event in Journalism—The Razzle-Dazzle.

NEW YORK, July 28.—The long looked for opening of the new Croton Aqueduct, which took place recently, has caused a great sigh of relief to go up from all parts of the city. Not only is there a much greater supply of water in the mains for ordinary use, but there is also an ample amount stored up in the great reservoir in Central Park, which can be called on on in case of a large fire or any other necessity. One thousand million gallons is the capacity of the reservoir, and this limit, it is thought, will be reached in the course of two weeks, when the supply will then be ample for any emergency. Among other things, the opening of the aqueduct has revived the suggestion of converting the old reservoir at Fifth avenue and Forty-second street into a public park or place of amusement. The idea now put forth is to substantially floor over the reservoir, whose walls are forty-four feet high, and build thereon an elevated park, or air garden, somewhat similar to the famous "hanging gardens" of ancient Babylon. It is proposed that Bryant park which occupies the remainder of the block toward Sixth avenue, be graded up and formed into a grand approach to the air garden on top of the reservoir. A magnificent music pavilion is suggested as among the possibilities, as is also an observation tower, which would give visitors a wide view over the whole island.

It is given out on good authority that Mr. James Gordon Bennett, of the *Herald*, has determined upon one of the most important moves in the history of New York journalism. This is nothing less than the moving of the *Herald* from the corner of Broadway and Ann street to Broadway and Thirty fifth street, which is also the junction of Sixth avenue. The new property, which comprises a small block now covered by an old armory, has been leased for a term of ninety-nine years, and a new building will be erected worthy of the occasion. It was well known that the *Herald* had been looking for an uptown site for a long time, but no one thought it would venture as far as Thirty fifth street, for the reason that all the big papers and their necessary accompaniments, such as the post office, are located so much farther down town. However, as Mr. Bennett usually edits his paper by cable, while he himself is in Europe, or elsewhere, and also runs a paper in London and one in Paris, perhaps he can manage the *Herald* as far up town as Thirty fifth street.

South Beach, which is one of New York's latest discovered breathing spots, is rapidly gaining great fame just now as the place wherein is located the most harrowing contrivance for transporting men, women and children, and thereby obtaining the seductive nickel, that was ever invented. It is appropriately called the "razzle dazzle," and is one of those things which can be better imagined than described. It is like a merry-go round, but is much more. It resembles a toboggan slide somewhat, but is far worse. It goes round and round, but it also goes up and down. Briefly described, it is a centre pole, attached to which, by means of ropes reaching to the top, is a circular row of seats. That's all, except two or three guy ropes by which the infernal machine is worked. The motive poper is man, and the effect produced is a cross somewhere between a voyage and a balloon ascension.

EDWIN ARLINGTON.

GAELIC POETRY.

Eirighe Na Gealaighe.

Sgriobhtha air d-tùs a Sacsbheuria le Seaghan O'Cathasaigh, agus aisdrighthe go Gaedhilig leis an g-Celiteach. L' UILLIAM MAC UILLIAM.

I

"Innis dam, a c-Sheaghain Uí Fhearghail,
Fáth do luadair chúghain a leith?"
Eisd! éisd! lem' sgeul, a bhuachail,"—
A's a leaca lasda teith:
Is siad órduighthe ar d-taoisigh,
Sinn d-ár ngleusadh féin le brígh,
A's na pleidhe bheith le chéile
Le glain—eirigh na gealaighe."
Le glain-eirighe na gealaighe,
Le glain-eirighe na gealaighe,
A's na pleidhe bheith le chéile
Le glain-eirighe na gealaighe.

II

"Innis dam, a c-Sheaghain Uí Fhearghail,
Cá m-beidh bailiúdhadh na bh-fir d-tréan."
"Anns an t-sean-áit cois na t-srutha,
Is léir-aithnidh dúinn araon.
Siuntear suas libh an Rosg Catha,
'Ar sean-phort máirseála féin,
A's na pleidh air ár ngualiibh.
Le caoimh-eirigh ghil an Raé!"
Le caoimh-eirigh ghil an Rae,
Le glain-eirigh na gealaighe,
A's na pleidhe bheith le chéile
Le glain-eirigh na gealaighe.

III

O gach teaghlach, feadh na h-oidhche,
D'fhair na mílte glas-shúil gle;
Fhreab na mílte croidhe ar feitheamh
Le teacht soluis lochráin Dé!
Rith trom-mhonmhur treas na gleannaibh
Mar chrónán dubhach Mná Sídhe
A's bhidh coilite sleagh a' dealradh
Le glain—eirigh na gealaighe!
Le glain-eirigh na gealaighe,
Le glain-eirigh na gealaighe,
A's na pleidhe bheith le chéile
Le glain-eirigh na gealaighe.

IV

Thall cois an t-srutha thonnmhair
Sheas na fianna dána teann
'S ár n-dil-bhratach glórmhar uaithne
A foluamhain ós a g-cionn!
"Bás do'n namhaid 's do lucht na braithte!
Sinn Rosg Catha! buail suas é!
Dia le h-Eirinn! Dia le Sacsraé!
Feuch! dil-eirigh ghéal na Rae!"
O! dil-eirigh ghéal na Rae,
Le glain-eirighe na'gealaigh,
A's na pleidhe bheith le chéile
Le glain-eirigh na gealaighe.

V

Maith do sheas' ar son na Bhanbha,
As cé truaigh a d'tuitim tréith;—
Dar mo láimh! lá báir linn labhairt
Ar shean bhliadhain a' "Ninety-eight!"
Buidhe le Dia! táid fós ar marthain,
Croidhthe láidre laochda g-croidhe,
Thriallfach 'na rian do'n mhachair
Le glain-eirigh na gealaighe!
Le glain-eirigh na gealaighe
Le glain-eirigh na gealaighe
Thriallfadh 'na rian do'n mhachair,
Le glain-eirigh na gealaigh!

LAKE EXCURSIONS

To St. Joseph and Benton Harbor, Mich., on the elegant new steel side-wheel steamer "City of Chicago" and the "Puritan," leaving Chicago daily at 9:30 a.m., returning to the city at 8 p.m. the same day. Fare for this excursion trip, $1 00. This is the finest trip offered Chicago people. Fine hotels, fishing, bathing and beautiful drives. A steamer also leaves Chicago at 9:30 p. m. daily, close connections are made at the sister cities with the Chicago & West Michigan Railway, Cincinnati, Wabash & Michigan Railway, and Vandalia Line. Make dates for excursion parties early. GRAHAM & MORTON TRANSPORTATION COMPANY, Dock at the foot of Wabash avenue.

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren st., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

Home Seekers' Excursion Tickets

via the Wisconsin Central to all principal points in the Northwest including St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland and Duluth, will be on sale April 29, May 20, Sept. 9 and 25, and Oct. 14, at the rate of one fare for the round trip, at the City Ticket Office of the Wisconsin Central, No. 205 Clark street, and at the Grand Central Passenger Station, Harrison street and Fifth avenue, also at all the leading hotels

To the Deaf.

A person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years' standing by a simple remedy, will send a description of it FREE to any person who applies to NICHOLSON, 177 MacDougal street, New York.

Notice.

The Wisconsin Central lines are now selling special Ten Ride Club Tickets between Chicago and Fox Lake, embodying railroad, omnibus and steamer coupons for Ten Dollars ($10). City Office No. 205 Clark street. Depot, corner Harrison street and Fifth avenue.

Electric Belt Free.

To introduce it and obtain agents the undersigned firm will give away a few of their $5.00 German Electric Belts invented by Prof. Van der Weyde, Pres. of the New York Electrical Society (U. S. Pat. 267,647) a positive cure for Nervous Debility, Rheumatism, Loss of Power, &c. Address Electric Agency, P. O. Box 178, Brooklyn, N. Y. Write to them to-day.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for Consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

CATHOLIC CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Where the Different Churches are Situated and the Hours at Which Mass is Celebrated and Vespers Held.

The following directory is published for the benefit of the Chicago readers of THE CITIZEN, and Catholic visitors to the city:

Cathedral of the Holy Name—State and Superior sts. Masses at 5:30, 7:15, 7:45 and 9:30 a m; mass at 8:30 exclusively for children; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m.

St. Patrick's—Adams and Desplaines sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; children's mass and choir at 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m; services every Thursday at 7:30 p m, in the chapel. Rev. Thos F. Galigan, pastor. Residence 135 W. Adams st.

St. James'—Twenty-ninth st and Wabash ave. Masses at 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 a m; high mass at 11; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Hugh McGuire, pastor. Residence 2926 Wabash avenue.

Holy Family (Jesuit)—May and Twelfth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Edwin Kelly, S. J., pastor. Residence 417 Twelfth st.

St. Jarlath's—Jackson street and Hermitage ave. Masses at 6, 7:30, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas F. Cashman, pastor. Residence 658 W. Jackson st.

St. Mary's—Wabash ave. and Eldridge court. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E. A. Murphy, pastor. Residence 543 Wabash avenue.

Church of the Nativity of Our Lord—Thirty-seventh and Dashiel sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. J. M. Cartan, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Bridget's—Archer ave and Church st. Masses at 6, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. M. J. Dowling, pastor. Residence 2926 Archer ave.

All Saints' Church—Wallace st and 35th place. Masses at 5, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E. J. Dunne, pastor. Residence 3543 Wallace st.

St. Procopius—Eighteenth and Alport sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10, with sermon; vespers at 2:30 p m. Rev. P. Nepomuck Jaeger, C.S.B., pastor. Residence 704 Alport st.

St. Francis of Assisium—Corner of W. Twelfth st. and Newberry av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Ferdinand Kalvelage, pastor. Residence, 396 W. Twelfth st.

St. Stephen's—Corner of Ohio and Sangamon sts. Masses at 7, 9, and high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 2:30 p m. Rev. S. M. A. Barrett, pastor. Residence 295 N. Sangamon st

St. Peter's—Corner Clark and Polk sts. Masses at 5:30 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. M. Neumann, C. S. F., pastor. Residence 440 S. Clark st.

St. John's—Clark and Eighteenth sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. T. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 176 Eighteenth street.

Sacred Heart—Johnson and Nineteenth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, and 8:30 a m; children's mass at 8:30; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. H. Bronsgeest, S. J., pastor. Residence 49 W. Nineteenth st.

St. Columbkille's—Corner of Indiana and Paulina sts. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Thomas Burke, pastor. Residence 519 W. Indiana st.

St. Malachy's—Corner Walnut st. and Western av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas P. Hodnett, pastor. Residence 333 Walnut st.

St. Pius—Corner Ashland av. and Nineteenth st. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. F. S. Hennebery, pastor. Residence 886 Ashland av

St. Anthony of Padua—Corner of Mctregor st. and Twenty-fourth place. Masses at 6 and 7:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Peter Fischer, pastor. Residence 2434 Hanover st.

St John Nepomucene—Corner of Twenty-fifth st and Portland av. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Francis Bobal, pastor. Residence 498 Twenty-fifth st.

Church of the Assumption—Illinois st., between Franklin and Market sts. Masses at 6, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. S. Moretti, pastor Residence 64 Illinois st.

Church of the Immaculate Conception B. V. M.—N. Franklin near Schiller st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers 7:30 p m. Rev. P. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 497 N. Franklin.

St. Michael's—Corner Eugene and Hurlbut sts. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 2:30 p m. Rev. Jos. Essing, C. SS. R., pastor. Residence 224 Hurlbut st.

Notre Dame de Chicago—Vernon Park place near Loomis st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. A. L. Bergeron, pastor. Residence 404 Congress st.

St. Vincent de Paul's—Corner Webster av and Osgood st. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30. Rev. Father Abbott, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Paul's—Hoyne av. and Ambrose st. Masses at 8 and 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. E. Weber, pastor Residence 163 Ambrose st.

St. Aloysius—Thompson and Davis sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10:15 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. J. Thiele, pastor. Residence, adjoining church.

Church of the Immaculate Conception—2064 Bonfield st. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. George Raths, pastor

Holy Trinity—Lincoln and Taylor sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. D. M. Thiele, pastor. Residence 833 West Taylor st.

Church of the Annunciation B. V. M.—Paulina st. and Wabansia ave. Masses at 7, 8, and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers and benediction at 3 p. m. Rev. Hugh O'Gara McShane, pastor; Residence 811 N. Paulina street.

St. Stanislaus Kostka—Noble and Ingraham sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7:30, 8, and 9:30 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Vincent Barzynski, C.R. Residence adjoining church.

St. Charles Borromeo's—Twelfth and Cypress sts. Masses at 6 and 8:30 a. m high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. P. D. Gill, pastor. Residence 78 Cypress st.

St. Mary's of Perpetual Help—Lancaster and Thirty-second sts. Mass at 8 a. m.; high mass at 10. Attended from St. Adalbert's, Seventeenth and Paulina sts.

St. Joseph's—North Market and Hill sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a. m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. B. Dolwick, O.S.B., pastor. Residence 299 N. Market

Church of Our Lady of Sorrows—W Jackson and Albany sts. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. A. Venturi, C. S., pastor Residence 1609 W. Jackson st.

St. George's—Wentworth ave., bet. 39th and 40th sts. Masses at 8 and 10 a. m.; Christian duties and vespers at 2:30 and 3 p. m. Rev. C. D. Heidmann, pastor. Residence 3019 Fifth av.

Holy Angels'—Sedgwick and Oakwood Boulevard. Masses at 6, 7:30, 9 and 10 a. m; high mass at 11 a m; Sunday school at 2:30 p. m; vespers, instruction and benediction at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. A. Tighe, pastor.

St. Boniface's—Noble and Cornell streets. Masses at 7:30 and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Clement Venn, pastor. Residence, 84 Cornell st.

St. Wenceslaus'—DeKoven and Desplaines sts. Mass at 8 a. m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Joseph Molitor, pastor. Residence 187 DeKoven st.

St. Josaphat's Church—Belden and Southport aves. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 4 p m. Rev. K. Kozlowski, pastor. Residence 228 Southport av.

St. Adelbert—Corner Paulina and W. Seventeenth sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. V. Radziejowski, pastor. Residence 712 W Seventeenth st.

CYCLONE IN THE EAST.

The Whirling Monster Visits Lawrence, Mass.

SIX PERSONS KILLED OUTRIGHT,

And a Large Number Injured by Falling Buildings—One Hundred Houses Leveled by the Storm, Causing an Immense Loss—Fire Adds Its Terror to the Scene—A Description of the Storm by an Eye-Witness.

LAWRENCE, Mass., July 26.—A cyclone struck South Lawrence with great power about 10 o'clock Saturday morning. The storm first struck Springfield street and traveled thence to Salem street, devastating a section of twenty rods wide. It is estimated that 100 buildings have been leveled by the storm. A number of people are known to have been killed outright by a falling building, and the injured are reported as numbering fifty or sixty. Fire broke out in a number of places in the ruins, and the entire fire department was put to work extinguishing the flames. The injured were removed and cared for as quickly as possible.

SIX LIVES LOST.

A Description of the Storm by a Passenger on a Train.

BOSTON, July 26.—The first news of the cyclone direct from Lawrence has been received by telephone. The destruction was confined wholly to South Lawrence. Ninety wooden dwellings were destroyed, six lives were lost, thirty-five persons were injured, $110,000 worth of property was destroyed, and 500 people rendered homeless. The passengers on the Boston and Maine train, due in Boston at 10:45, got a good view of the wrecked town as they passed through.

A Graphic Description.

Mr. Quimby, a passenger, thus describes the scene of devastation: "The rain had ceased and the wind had gone down. The first thing noticed was a building blown to the ground and then the trees were twisted and uprooted. This was on the left hand side of the track coming toward Boston. Timber, farm wagons and objects of sorts were scattered about in great confusion. We were horrified to see a man's dead body lying under a bridge at the South Lawrence depot. Everybody was running about in confusion not having a chance to tell the extent of damage. The path of the cyclone swept at right angles across the track, cutting a clean swath, levelling houses and cutting off or uprooting the trees. The whole thing took place between the time we left Haverhill and the time we reached South Lawrence. The train stopped only a few minutes and it was impossible to find out anything definite."

Soldiers to the Rescue.

MALDEN, Mass., July 26.—Battery C, of Lawrence, which had just returned from camp, arrived here at noon on a special train en route to Lawrence, where the men were detailed at once to guard work and assist in the removal of the debris and search for the dead and injured. Springfield street, where the cyclone struck, contained many of the handsome residences of the town. The work of the tornado on this street was clean cut and after it had passed but three houses of all between Blanchard and South Union streets were left standing. All the others on both sides of the street were either mowed completely down or partly demolished, and twenty people were injured on this street alone. The windows of St. Patrick's church were blown in, trees, chimneys, signs, fences and roofs were torn away outside the path of the storm while in its direct route everything was laid flat.

The List of Killed.

NEW YORK, July 26.—A long distance telephone dispatch to the United Press gives the names of the dead so far as known. They are as follows: Mrs. O'Connell, crushed; Mamie O'Connell, neck broken; Mary Lyons, aged 40, crushed; Mrs. Collins, Portland street, crushed; her child, 4 years old, crushed. A child of Julia Beatty's, which is buried in the ruins, has not yet been found. Of the injured some, especially those of the family of Martin McLaughlin, are seriously, if not fatally, hurt. The damage to the property is considerably over $100,000.

OTHER MISHAPS.

Poisoned by Meat.

RICE LAKE, Wis., July 26.—Twenty-one persons are in danger of dying from eating supposedly poisoned meat, and several of the cases are very critical. State Dairy and Food Commissioner Thomb was summoned to investigate. The meat, to the amount of seventy-five pounds, was placed on sale at a local meat market. Several of the victims came near dying. The city physician says that the sickness is positively due to eating this meal. The persons sick were taken with violent vomiting and cramps. The state chemist has examined the meat, but found no traces of arsenic poison.

They Blew Out the Gas.

TRENTON, N. J., July 26.—A bride and groom, registering as B. B. Yawger and wife, of White Horse, N. J., came to the American house and took the bridal chamber. They lighted two jets, and it is supposed afterward blew out the gas. Subsequently the clerk discovered that gas was escaping. With great difficulty the pair were aroused when almost asphyxiated and the gas turned out. The room was so full of the deadly vapor that they could not have survived much longer.

Killed in a Runaway Accident.

DENVER, Colo., July 26.—While Mrs. L. Leith and Mrs. T. H. Conklin were driving in a buggy, the horse took fright and ran away and dashed the buggy over on the hard pavement, throwing out both of the ladies. Mrs. Leith fell on her head and was almost instantly killed. Mrs. Conklin had her right arm broken. Mrs. Leith was the wife of Lieut. Leith of the United States navy. Her remains were shipped to her relatives in Wichita, Kas.

Will Set 800 Prisoners Free.

ATCHISON, Kan., July 26.—Omission of the words "in the penitentiary" after the word "imprisonment" in the crimes act may make the law inoperative and release from jail many person now serving time. B. P. Waggoner, a prominent lawyer, will petition the United States court for the release of a negro convict on this ground. If the petition is granted it will set at liberty nearly 800 persons.

THEY USED RED PEPRER.

Daring Robbery of Passengers Near Duluth, Minn.—Arrests Made.

DULUTH, Minn., July 23.—Just as the 10:30 train on the Omaha pulled out Tuesday morning three men boarded it. Shortly after the train left the depot they began operations by throwing red pepper in the eyes of the passengers nearest them and then began to collect all the jewelry and valuables handy. Among the victims was Judge Clough, of Superior. One of the men was arrested in Superior, and the other two are believed to be among those arrested here later in the day. They will be held till their histories can be investigated. The thieves who committed the robberies on the train got very little. One man lost his money, but it was a small amount. Judge Clough's watch and pocketbook were recovered from the thief captured at Superior. The struggle between him and the thieves called the attention of the trainmen to them and they were frustrated in their attempts. The thief captured refuses to talk. He was referred to by his companions as "Smithy" and "Fatty," and that is all there is to identify him.

ALEXANDER FOR GOVERNOR.

Wisconsin Prohibitionists in Convention Nominate a State Ticket.

MADISON, Wis., July 23.—The Prohibition state convention met here at 10 o'clock in the assembly chamber. There were fully 300 delegates present. The convention was called to order by M. O. Nelson, chairman, who was enthusiastic over the prospects of the third party. He expressed delight at the decision of the supreme court of the United States in the "original package cases," declaring it made it a national issue and not a local one. The convention nominated the following ticket: For governor, Dr. Alexander, Eau Claire; lieutenant governor, W. R. Nethercutt, Milwaukee; secretary of state, William Johnson, St. Croix county; state treasurer, Robert Fargo, Jefferson; attorney general, T. E. Van Kenlen, Oshkosh; state superintendent, Henry Sumner, Outagamie; railroad commissioner, J. Q. Black, Richland Center; insurance commissioner, Andrew Peterson, Green county.

Cyclone in Minnesota.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., July 23.—A Marshall, Minn., special to The Journal says: At 5:20 Tuesday a black cloud, resembling a great serpent, reached downward from the dense black masses of storm cloud that had formed during the afternoon, and moving in a southeasterly direction demolished the buildings of three farmers, living nine miles northwest of here. A child of Felix Dearean had its leg broken; another had its head crushed and died during the night. Mrs. Dearean was also seriously bruised. Mrs. A. M. Opdahl and child were blown by the cyclone on to a wire fence and seriously bruised.

To Erect a Memorial Hall.

MONTICELLO, Ills., July 23.—The Grand Army of the Republic of Illinois, with the assistance of the several departments of the order in the United States, will erect a memorial hall at Springfield, Ills., in honor of B. F. Stephenson, the founder of the order. There is to be a memorial window placed in the hall for each department of the Grand Army of the Republic, the Woman's Relief corps, and division of Sons of Veterans, all of whom are to help erect the hall. Judge J. H. Matheny and a delegation of the leading members of Stephen post, No. 20, with prominent men of Springfield, are the managers.

Four Killed in a Wreck.

KAUKAUNA, Wis., July 23.—A horrible accident occurred on the Milwaukee, Lake Shore and Western railway at Tigerton. Two heavy freight trains collided while rounding a sharp curve killing four men and seriously and perhaps fatally injuring two more. The killed are: Fireman Seims, Fireman Buckley, Brakeman Seymour, an unknown brakeman. The injured are: William Lang, engineer; John Ryan, engineer. Both locomotives and nearly all of the cars are a total wreck. Nearly all of the killed and injured were residents of Kaukauna.

Promised to Make Him Rich.

PORTLAND, Me., July 21.—A wealthy Montreal man attempted to board a train at Old Orchard after it had started. He ran to the far end of the baggage car and caught the railing, but lost his footing. As he was hanging to the railing he swung between the cars and was losing his grip, when Frank E. Kelley, of South Berwick, a boy peddler, saw him and managed to pull him on board the train. When the man had recovered himself he asked the lad's name, said he had saved his life, and promised to send him a check for $5,000 when he reached Montreal.

Probably Turned Pirates.

NEW YORK, July 23.—On Sunday last eleven young men and boys who called themselves the Midnight Pleasure club, hired a catboat from Richard Ulrich at the Jamaica Bay house. They said they were going to Staten Island for a sail. Nothing has since been heard of the boat or its occupants. Tuesday two women called at Ulrich's place and inquired for two boys who are supposed to be with the party. It is not known whether the young men ran away with the boat or met with an accident.

The Sundry Civil Bill.

WASHINGTON CITY, July 23.—At a meeting of the house committee on appropriations it was agreed to recommend a nonconcurrence in all the senate amendments of importance to the sundry civil bill except those increasing the salary of associate judges in New Mexico and allowing commutation to agents on the sale of artificial limbs. The irrigation amendment was one of those non-concurred in.

Fatal Boiler Explosion.

PITTSBURG, July 23.—The flouring mill of Meade Bros., at North Jackson, Ohio, was completely wrecked Wednesday morn by the explosion of a boiler. George Meade, the engineer, and William Thomas, an employe, were killed instantly, and William Mikesell probably fatally injured. The boiler had been in use ten years.

Attacked by a Cat.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., July 23.—The Journal's Des Moines, Iowa, special says: Gretchen, the 2-year-old daughter of N. Frissel, was attacked by the family cat and bitten so badly that her life is despaired of.

Illinois Legislature.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., July 23.—The special session of the legislature called by Governor Fifer to consider world's fair matters, met here Wednesday. An interesting session is promised.

UNCLE SAM WILL WIN.

Much Talk About the Behring Sea Correspondence.

A RESORT TO ARMS NOT PROBABLE,

But Mr. Blaine's Position Is Gratifying to Military People and Has Had the Effect of Stimulating War Talk Among Them—A Comparison of the Military and Naval Advantages of England and the United States.

WASHINGTON CITY, July 25.—The thing most talked about here is the Behring sea correspondence and the tone of diplomatic sharpness on both sides. The general opinion, regardless of party, is that Mr. Blaine holds the superior position and that, however threatening the seeming attitude of the British government may be, the United States will win in the controversy. Mr. Blaine in his dispatches has defined clearly the position of our government and is thought to have secured a mastery in the argument. On the surface England has made an implied threat that trouble will follow any seizure of Canadian sealers, and the United States has refused to change its policy in this matter.

A Collision Not Probable.

The officers of the United States cutters have been instructed to act with great discretion and not to provoke trouble unnecessarily. On the other hand, the British authorities are apparently exercising their power to restrain the poaching sealers. So that a collision is not probable. The publication of the correspondence has had the effect of stimulating war talk among the service men. The stand taken by Secretary Blaine is quite gratifying to most folks who have to do with military and naval matters. There is a strong sentiment in favor of belligerence in some quarters, inspired by a desire to stimulate the policy of the government in the building up of the land and naval forces of the country.

Concentration of Troops.

One of the generals of brigade stationed here, in talking of war possibilities, had this to say: "The United States is rather well provided with regularly armed land forces in the National guard of the country, which now numbers a little over 100,000. Recent tests and experiments show that within forty-eight hours over a quarter of the entire force, or upward of 25,000 men, well armed and furnished with adequate equipments for field service, could be concentrated in New York, Boston, or Philadelphia, and it is safe to say that inside of a week there could be assembled along the Canadian border at least 75,000 armed men, a force more than able to cope with the present land forces of that colony.

What England Could Do.

"To be sure, England, being in possession of a large fleet of small, well-armed gunboats, and in control of the Welland canal, the only present means of entrance to the upper lakes, could, if unmolested, fill those waters with a dangerous fleet that might do untold damage to the beautiful cities that line the lakes. On the other hand this government has control over the St. Clair ship canal, by means of which Lakes Huron, Superior and Michigan are reached, so that if necessary this vantage point could be so occupied as to exclude the enemy from those waters; and, also, it is not only possible but probable that the American land forces would, unless surprised, be able to take possession of and wreck the Welland canal so as to shut off invasion at that point.

Our Coasts in Bad Condition.

"On the whole the conditions are favorable to the United States so far as the mere accession of Canada is concerned, but on the seaboard the situation is totally different. There is scarcely a harbor that could be defended with the present means. There is hardly a coast city that could not be wrecked and ruined by a hostile naval force, and there are innumerable points where England could easily land large forces of troops which would sorely test the strength of our own army by carrying war into American territory. An invasion by England could be accomplished in a very easy manner, although history bears the imprint of certain records that have a tendency to establish a belief in the American mind that this country could repeat the dose already given twice and send the red-coats home with a thrashing. Upon the whole the situation is remarkably interesting."

The Lake Pepin Disaster.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., July 25.—The Journal's Red Wing, Minn., special says: Memorial services were held Friday for those who perished in the Lake Pepin disaster. Special trains were run from every direction, and so many people never assembled here before. Business was suspended and the city was draped in mourning. The services were most impressive.

ST. PAUL, Minn., July 26.—At the investigation into the Sea King disaster Friday morning it was shown that there were 203 persons on the steamer instead of 147 as reported by the captain.

Run Down by a Train.

CHICAGO, July 25.—Miss Dora Warner of 2 East Twelfth street and William Cartwright were instantly killed at Pullman Thursday. Miss Warner attempted to cross the tracks of the Michigan Central road. Cartwright saw her and fearing she would be run over he sprang to her rescue. The train struck them and both were instantly killed. Miss Warner was a handsome young lady 24 years old. Cartwright used to live at Grand Crossing, but his recent home is unknown. The bodies were taken to the morgue at Kensington. The sad accident happened in the presence of a throng of people.

Brawn Versus "Blue Blood."

SALT LAKE, Utah, July 26.—At a mass convention Friday of the laboring men of Salt Lake a full ticket was placed in the field for the coming county election. The workingmen were ignored entirely at the convention of the Liberal party last week, all the nominees being members of the Alta club, a "blue-blooded" organization. The workingmen take exceptions to this and their move threatens to defeat the Liberal ticket.

Most Remarkable Case Yet.

OMAHA, Neb., July 26.—James Killoran, late editor of The O'Neill (Neb.) Tribune, blew out the gas at the Hotel Casey, here, Thursday night. Coroner's jury returned a verdict of accidental death.

The business failures throughout the country for the week ended July 25 number 199 against 207 the previous week and 216 for the corresponding week of 1889.

UNCLE SAM WILL INTERFERE.

Mexico Will Remain Neutral in the Central American War.

CITY OF MEXICO, July 26.—On account of certain mysterious and indefinite information it is believed here that the United States has determined to interfere in the affairs of Central America for the protection of her own interests and the restoration of peace. It is understood from the best authority that the government of Mexico has decided to remain neutral in the squabble so long as the rights of Mexican citizens and the boundaries of Mexico are respected. No more troops will be sent to the frontier. From official sources it is learned that there are six battalions of infantry and one regiment of cavalry—3,000 men in all—in the states along the border line of Guatemala, a number sufficiently large to repel any disorderly element that might drift over the frontier and to protect the boundary. Those in a position to know say that Mexico will in no way mix herself up the difficulties, her progress and peace being too valuable for even a thought of intervention.

Has Been Preparing for War.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 26.—The steamship San Jose of the Pacific Mail company, has arrived from Panama. Capt. Russell of that vessel spent the greater part of the last six months in Guatemala City. During that time immense quantities of rifles, guns and ammunition have been shipped into that place from England, France and the United States. He says that there are enough rifles in the country now to arm 100,000 men. There is no disciplined army in Guatemala, and in war times the officials have to send out and catch recruits.

Revolution in Guatemala.

CITY OF MEXICO, July 26.—News comes from San Salvador that a revolution against President Barrillas has broken out in Guatemala.

LEPROSY IN THE DOMINION.

Great Excitement Caused by the Discovery—An Investigation.

OTTAWA, Can., July 26.—There is considerable excitement over the discovery that leprosy has made its appearance in several remote parts of the Dominion hitherto unaffected. Heretofore the dread disease was believed to have been confined within the limits of the Lazaretto at Tracadie. Dr. Smith, the medical officer at the Lazaretto, is now investigating the cases lately reported on the Island of Anticosti. It is believed to have been the result of intermarriage, and has secured a strong foothold, spreading out to the mainland.

Dr. Smith's Report.

It appears that an infected family went from Port Mansfell, Caraquet, to the Island of Anticosti some years ago. Referring to cases in the portion of New Brunswick from which this family removed Dr. Smith, in his report, says:

"Of late leprosy has been dying out in Tracadie, but finding cases outcropping in the neighboring districts I made a special tour of investigation and found a growing form of the disease between Caraquet and Shippegan, tracing also from this center several cases to other settlements which in turn will, if overlooked, become new foci of the disease."

THE GRIM REAPER.

Death of Rev. Robert Laird Collier—His Ministerial Work.

NEW YORK, July 28.—The Rev. Robert Laird Collier died of apoplexy at his country house, "The Everglades," near Salisbury, N. J., at midnight Saturday. He was a brother-in-law of Judge Dillon, of New York, and the father of the Rev. Price Collier, pastor of "Our Savior" Unitarian church, Brooklyn, N. Y. Dr. Collier was consul to Leipsic under Garfield. He and Dr. Gould, of Johns Hopkins university, Baltimore, were sent to Europe by President Cleveland to gather labor statistics. On this mission he visited nearly every country of continental Europe. He had collected a valuable library and spent the last few years of his life in comparative quiet. His remains will be temporarily interred in Salisbury until news can be gotten from his son, who is on a vacation in the west, when they will be taken to Davenport, Iowa, for final interment by the side of his wife, who was a daughter of Hiram Price, of Davenport.

Death of "Nasby's" Father.

TOLEDO, Ohio, July 26.—Nathaniel R. Locke, the venerable father of the late D. R. Locke, better known as "Petroleum V. Nasby," died here Friday at the advanced age of 97 years. He was a native of Deerfield, Mass, in 1793, and served in the war of 1812. He had been a zealous and consistent member of the Methodist church since his 15th year, and was probably the oldest Methodist in the United States. He was an old-time abolitionist, one of the founders of the Republican party in 1856, and all his life an advocate of prohibition. He was married three times, the last wife surviving him.

World's Fair Legislation.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., July 25.—In the house of representatives Friday a resolution, introduced by Mr. Paddock of Kankakee, declaring it to be the sense of the house that the world's fair should be held upon one site, was made a special order for Tuesday at 10 o'clock, after a motion to table it had been lost. A resolution was unanimously adopted, directing the various committees to which world's fair bills were referred to report not later than Tuesday.

A Survivor of the Greely Expedition Dead.

PHILADELPHIA, July 26.—John Powers, one of the seamen of the Thetis, which rescued the survivors of the ill-fated Greely expedition, died at his residence in Camden Friday. His death was due to the effects of exposure and the hardships he endured while on the Thetis. Ever since the expedition returned he had been in ill health. He had a deep love for science, and during the Arctic voyage he made notes of his experiences.

Good People to Annihilate.

CETTINJE, July 26.—A band of Arnauts made a night attack upon the Montenegrin village of Rogmore and the inhabitants, who were taken by surprise, were quickly overpowered. Many of the villagers were murdered and the grossest cruelties were practiced upon the survivors.

Shot a Colored Preacher.

TRENTON, N. J., June 28.—Charles Lang, a colored desperado, Sunday morning shot Theodore Ayres, a local colored preacher, during a quarrel about Ayers' wife. Lang was arrested. It is thought that Ayers will die.

IS VERY ENTHUSIASTIC.

Clarkson Talks of His Tour of Investigation.

WONDERFUL GROWTH OF THE WEST

The Postoffice Department Anxious to Keep Up with the Needs of the Country West of the Mississippi — Questions Which Some of the Western States Will Soon Have to Meet—Fast Time on the Rail—Capital Callings.

WASHINGTON CITY, July 29.—First Assistant Postmaster General Clarkson has returned to Washington from an extended trip throughout the northwestern states. He says: "I have been gone nearly two months and have traveled 9,000 miles, passing through fifteen states. I spent nearly all the time in the country west of the Missouri river, where there is such remarkable development and growth. My tour comprehended all the important cities west of Chicago and north of Kansas City. No one can understand how rapidly that great country is developing until he sees it. It has not had in any of the departments of the government the official facilities that it is entitled to. This is largely because of its extraordinary growth. I traveled on the fast mail from central Iowa to Portland, Ore., which makes a good deal of the time sixty-seven miles an hour, and the service is very efficient; and other fast mails are being brought up to the standard of efficiency.

Wonderful Development.

The postoffices in the cities that have been doubling every year or two were looked over, and I have returned with strong recommendations for increased allowances for nearly all of them, and some of these have already been granted. The department is anxious to try and keep up with that country in its prodigious growth and increase of population and business. I made a pretty thorough tour of Wyoming, Colorado, Montana, Idaho, Oregon, Washington and California. The development of the states in the mountains and on the Pacific slope is simply wonderful. The Puget Sound country in western Washington is the finest I have ever seen. The cities are most wonderful in their growth. I have never seen a country to equal that region in climate, soil, resources and beauty of scenery. The larger half of the country lying west of the Mississippi river is undergoing great prosperity.

Many Questions to Meet.

It has many great questions which must soon be met. The silver question has been fairly settled. It is pretty well satisfied with that. The question of irrigation is now, I think a larger one with all the mountain states than even that of silver; and the government ought soon to devise some vast system of water storage, so as to utilize the moisture provided by nature for the immense area of land now useless because of want of water, or else it ought to enact legislation protecting private capital in providing such storage. The people are not talking much of politics; they seem to desire for rest in that. Different from the east, the west is not yet discussing the contest of 1892."

It is understood that when Col. Clarkson completes his report on postal affairs in the west, which will be in about two weeks, that he will tender his resignation to the postmaster general.

Claim to a Big Estate.

WASHINGTON CITY, July 29.—The district register has received a petition signed by Edward Coyle of Killy lane, Eglington, county Derry, Ireland, laying claim to a share in an estate of $50,000,000, which the petitioner says has been left by Manassah Coyle of Pennsylvania. He claims that the Coyle family originated in Ireland and that Manassah Coyle's forefather emigrated to America in 1798, and settled in Pennsylvania. Nothing is known here of the Coyle estate.

Republican Senatorial Caucus.

WASHINGTON CITY, July 29.—At the adjournment of the caucus of Republican senators Monday night Senator Sherman, in giving out an official statement of results of the caucus, said the only action of the caucus was an agreement to have the senate meet at 10 o'clock, beginning on Wednesday, and to push the tariff bill to a vote.

Quarreled Over Politics.

NEW YORK, July 29.—Conrad O'Rourke, 60 years old, of 11 Mackers street, west New York, and John Mack, also of west New York, were sitting on the stoop in front of the former's house on Sunday night talking politics. They came to blows, and O'Rourke's wife ran out of the house and pushed Mack down the steps. He pulled O'Rourke after him and they rolled down into the street together. O'Rourke fell on his head and was picked up unconscious. Mack was only bruised by the fall and he went home. O'Rourke died of his injuries, and Mack will be arrested, charged with killing him.

The Profit-Sharing System.

JOLIET, Ills., July 29.—The first installment of the profit-sharing system inaugurated by the Illinois Steel company last winter was paid Monday to 960 employes who had been in continuous service for one year. The amount distributed was $4,000, or 1 per cent. of the salaries received. The money will be distributed every quarter at the increased rate of 1 per cent. per year till it reaches 5 per cent., where it will remain. This only applies to the company's Joliet works. It takes well with the men.

Fall of a Railway Trestle.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., July 29.—While placing a trestle on a new bridge across the Tennessee river the bent broke and the trestle fell, striking a barge containing twenty-five men, throwing them into the river. Sam Gifford was drowned and George Hosmer and Alf Reynolds were seriously injured by falling timbers. The others were rescued uninjured.

Found Her Body in a Cistern.

PRINCETON, Ills., July 29.—The body of Mrs. John Douglass, late Mrs. Morgan North, of Princeton, was found in her cistern, in twelve feet of water, Monday. The supposition is that she committed suicide, as it is known she was much disturbed in mind about some litigation.

Thrown in Front of a Mower.

UNIONVILLE, Mo., July 30.—A well-to-do farmer named Mack Guffey, living near here, was thrown in front of a mower which he was driving by the horses running away, and was so terribly cut that he died a short time afterward.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

The family of Judge W. Jonas, at Carthage, Ills., were poisoned by eating bread made from poisoned flour.

Judge Samuel S. Marshall, a prominent Democrat, died at his home at McLeansboro, Ills., on Saturday, aged 69 years.

Two farmers named Duncanson and Patterson were overcome by gas while repairing an old well at Rossburn, Mantoba, and they were both brought to the surface dead.

Willie Hardin, son of T. V. Hardin, a farmer of Barreton, Ky., was kicked to death by mules when he went out to feed and care for them.

Colored Cadet Whittaker has turned his opportunities at West Point to full advantage. He is teaching at a colored military college at Sumpter, S. C.

Peter Theobald, aged 19, was stabbed and killed Saturday night at a birthday party in Hamilton, Ohio, by John Hascke, an uninvited guest.

The Massachusetts Republican state committee has decided to hold the state convention at Tremont temple, Boston, Sept. 17.

Some sheep raisers tried to pasture a large flock on the Fort Ellis reservation in Montana recently, but the grass was doctored with saltpetre one night and 400 dead sheep were found the next morning.

The employes of the British admiralty, war office and postoffice, have begun the formation of a union of government workmen, for strike or other purposes.

While the membership in the German colonial enterprise is falling away that of the English company is rapidly increasing.

Stock of the Chicago stock yards goes begging in London, Englishmen declining to invest, except they can have control.

In a public letter with reference to the policy pursued by Judge Arkell recently gave it out that Russell Harrison had no interest in the paper.

Under the disability pension act 26,000 applications for pensions have been made since June 27.

The crown princess of Greece, who recently gave birth to a son, has had a relapse. Professor Olshausen, a well-known Berlin gynecologist, has been summoned to Athens by telegraph.

INSURGENTS ON TOP.

A Thousand Persons Killed and Wounded—Other Particulars.

BUENOS AYRES, July 28.—The overtures of the authorities to the insurgents have resulted in the declaration of a truce for twenty-four hours. Street fighting between the troops and the insurgents continued almost up to the last moment and has been most desperate. Thus far the government troops have suffered a continuous defeat. The number of killed and wounded is estimated at 1,000.

The Revolution Causes a Panic in Stocks.

LONDON, July 28.—The war news from Buenos Ayres has depressed all classes of Argentine securities in this market, and they have fallen off from 4 to 9 points. Uruguayan securities are also affected and are down 4½ per cent. with no sales. Under later advices from Buenos Ayres confirming the success of the insurgents, the Argentine securities have recovered 5 per cent. from the lowest point of the day.

Triumph of the Revolution Assured.

BUENOS AYRES, July 28.—The Argentine navy, at first neutral, has joined the insurgents, and has turned its guns on the barracks occupied by the troops who are still faithful to the old government. Vice President Pellegrini still holds out, but the triumph of revolution is assured.

News at the State Department.

WASHINGTON CITY, July 28.—A telegram was received at the state department from Mr. Pitkin, United States minister at Buenos Ayres, saying a revolution with arms is in progress. The army is divided and a state of siege has been declared.

Shipped by the Enumerators.

PHILADELPHIA, July 26.—The flourishing town of Wayne, with its 1,500 inhabitants, was overlooked by the census enumerators and therefore has no place in the official list of Pennsylvania. Wayne is about fourteen miles from the Broad Street station on the main line of the Pennsylvania railroad. It has two newspapers, a title and trust company, three handsome churches, two large hotels, a number of stores and many beautiful mansions. Many of the men whose business called them away from their town during the day had filled out lists of their families to be presented to the enumerator, but he never came.

THE MARKETS.

Chicago.

CHICAGO, July 28.

On the board of trade to-day quotations were as follows: Wheat—No. 2 August, opened 93¾c, closed 93¾c; September, opened 95½c, closed 95¼c; December, opened and closed 97¼c. Corn—No. 2 August, opened 44c, closed 46¼c; September, opened 45¾c, closed 46¾c; May, opened 50c, closed 50½c. Oats—No. 2 August, opened 33½c, closed 33½c; September, opened 32½c, closed 33¼c; May, opened 35¾c, close 1 36¼c. Pork—July, opened $12.00, closed $12.75; August, opened $11.25, closed $11.60; September, opened $10.75, closed $11.45. Lard—August, opened $6.07½, closed $6.12½.

Live stock—Union stock yards prices: Hogs—Market opened steady and firm, later active and strong; prices 5c higher; light grades, $3.80@4.00; rough packing, $3.70@3.80; mixed lots, $3.80@3.95; heavy packing and shipping lots, $3.85@3.97½.

Cattle—Market strong and active; prime to extra beeves, $4.50@4.85; good to choice, $4.00@4.40; common to fair, $3.50@3.90; Texans, steady, $2.40@3.40; butchers' stock firmer, $1.50@3.25; bulk, $2.00@2.60. Sheep—Market weak and generally 10c lower; lambs steady; choice to fancy muttons, $4.20@5.30; good to choice, $4.75@5.00; poor to medium, $3.75@4.50; lambs, $4.75@5.80.

Produce: Butter—Finest creameries, 14½@15½ per lb; finest dairies, 11@13c; packing stock, 8@9c. Eggs—Strictly fresh, 13½@14c per doz. Poultry—Chickens, hens, 10@10½c per lb.; roosters, 5c; turkeys, mixed lots, 9@10c; spring ducks, 9½@10½c; geese, $4.00@5.00 per doz. Potatoes—Tennessee Rose, $2.75@3.15 per bbl. Apples—Fair to choice, $3.00@4.00 per bbl. Raspberries—Black, $1.60@1.75 per 16-qt case; red, $1.60@1.80 per 24-qt case. Huckleberries—50@75c per box; $1.50 per 16-qt case. Blackberries—Michigan, $1.25@1.40 per 16-qt case; Illinois, 75c@$1.25 per 24-qt case.

Broom corn—Hurl, 5@6c per lb; whisk brush, 5@6c; green, self-working, 6@6½c; inside and covers, 3@4c; common brush, 2½@3½c; crooked, 2@3½c.

New York.

NEW YORK, July 28.

Wheat—No. 2 red winter, $1.01¾ cash; do August, 99½c; do September, 99½c; do December, $1.02¾. Corn—No. 2 mixed cash, 50½c; do August, 51½c; do September, 50½c. Oats—Firm: No. 2 mixed cash, 41½c; do August, 39½c; do September, 36¼c. Rye—Firm; western in boat loads, 56@60c. Barley—Quiet and unchanged. Pork—Firm; mess, $13.00@14.00. Lard—Firmer; August, $6.42; September, $6.56; October, $6.68.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, Unity Building, 79 Dearborn-St.

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CHICAGO, AUGUST 2, 1890.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE,
Corner Clark and Washington Sts.—"The Crystal Slipper."

McVICKER'S THEATRE,
Madison-st., between Dearborn and State—"Shenandoah."

COLUMBIA THEATRE,
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—Henry E. Dixey.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE,
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"An Irish Arab."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halstead street near Madison.—Howard & Fox's Gaiety Company.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

LANGUAGE, LITERATURE, AND NATIONHOOD.

A great many men of Irish birth and blood have always been lukewarm in regard to the maintenance of the language and literature of Ireland. Some of them have, in fact, indulged in sneers at those of their countrymen, who have always logically held that the language and literature of their country were even greater boundary marks of individuality than mere geographical lines. Recently the people of Austrian Poland interred with great honor, beside the dust of Kosciusko, in the Cathedral of Cracow, the remains of the celebrated patriot poet, Mickiewicz. Large delegations of Poles from other parts of the partitioned Kingdom, were in attendance at the ceremonies, which were the most impressive held in Cracow since Poland was murdered and mutilated by the combined force of Russia, Austria and Prussia. The chief spokesman of the occasion was Count Tarsowski; who said, among other touching things: "The nations who glory in a happy present celebrate their national heroes joyfully and triumphantly. Not so we Poles. We have a great past, but that past is all we can call our own. Every Polish heart is moved with joy at the return of the great poet to the land of his fathers, but it must not be forgotten that while he lived, that land was forbidden him. We rejoice that his remains will at last find a resting place in Poland—in the place where lie the kings of our nation. We no longer have a king to honor, or to bury. Let us honor him who saved the honor of our Fatherland when all seemed lost."

The *Pall Mall Gazette*, of recent date, commenting on the speech, and on the scene, says:

"Around him—bareheaded, silent, possessed by thoughts too deep for any but silent tears—stood the men, and women and children who still deem themselves a Polish nation. Poor peasants, half of them were, who had tramped in over night, and gladly spent the night in the open air, lying about the squares and streets of Cracow, that they might be able now to stand at the open grave of the Byron of Poland and see him reverently laid in the old gray sanctuary on Wawel Hill beside Kosciusko.

"To us in England Mickiewicz is a mere name. Few of us knew until the other day more about him than he was a poet of the same blood as Chopin, who wrote poetry of a like fire to Byron's, singing no doubt with a voice as far less powerful as it was more sincere and humble than that of our own poet. Justly or unjustly, in the full-voiced poetic choir of modern Europe Mickiewicz was scarcely heard. But to these people, peasants, students, and nobles, all wearing Polish national costumes, singing a Polish dirge set to tender Polish music, and thrilling with the intenser patriotism of nationality under a cloud—to them Mickiewicz was 'the man who saved the honor of Poland when all seemed lost.' 'Nous avons notre Mickiewicz a nous.' Other nations have their kings. The Poles have only their poet. Whether they will ever have a king again, who can say?

"But who can doubt after this ceremony how great a part in stimulating and sustaining the national spirit is played by the poets? But, indeed, modern history is full of such examples. The new birth of Greece, the unification of Italy, the consolidation of Germany, have all in different degrees owed something to the inspiration of the poets. Perhaps the debt of Greece is the least direct of the three. But Greece owes much to the good will of the Western Powers, and especially of England; and in England it was the memory of Greek poetry coupled with the poetry—and the practice—of Lord Byron that gave wings to the Greek idea. In Italy the debt which nationalism owes to poetry is greater and more certain. It is ordinarily said that the unity of Italy was due to three men, each of whom was indispensable to the other—Garibaldi, Cavour, and Victor Emanuel. But to the three makers of modern Italy in the nineteenth century should be added a fourth who lived in the thirteenth—the poet Dante."

The *Gazette* then proceeds to say that Germany is almost equally indebted to her literati for her present unification, which is, indeed, true for the martial lyrics of Koerner virtually hurled united Germany, aided by Russia and Sweden, against Napoleon at Leipsic. But, how does the *Gazette* assume, as it does, that America has not a great literature? Is it because she speaks the tongue of her would-be enslaver? Indeed the *Gazette* so confesses, and, in that, confession, shows the true inwardness of the English feeling toward this country, which England cannot despise, but which she thoroughly detests.

"It is often," says the *Gazette*, "a matter of critical regret that America and Australia have no great literature, especially no great poetry (Shade of Longfellow!) of their own. But from the political point of view there are two sides to the question. To those who cherish not only a faith in the unity of the British empire, but a dream of the ultimate re-union of the Anglo-Saxon race, the absence of any distinctively American or Australian poetry, of equal calibre to the greatest English poetry, may well be regarded as a blessing. The best Australian poet, we suppose, is Sladen: and the sentiment of some of Sladen's best verses is rejoicing in the thought that the poetry of England is the poetry of Australia:

We are all sprung from men who fought at Creey:
We all were Englishmen, when Shakspeare wrote. * * *
We are all English, born in one great union,
Of blood and language, history and song."

What folly! No people can possibly agree less together than the typical American and the typical Englishman. They are much more antagonistic than even the Englishman and the Irishman, because, socially, there is very little difference between the educated Saxon and the educated Celt. Besides, the Englishman well knows that he has Ireland completely in his power, and that she cannot hurt him commercially. But with America the case is essentially different. She is not alone a great commercial rival of Great Britain, but she is rapidly becoming an overshadowing one. The great mass of the American people, made up as they are of all races, have an instinctive dislike of England. Their dislike does not amount to positive hostility, nor do they allow it to interfere with diplomatic or commercial relations, but the fact remains that the great majority of Americans do not like the English. A comparatively few flunkeys run after their titles, and imitate English manners, in an awkward and ridiculous way, but they do not represent the nation. In proof of this we may be permitted to remark that the surest way to defeat any legislative measure in the United States is to let the American people know that English influence is for it. If ever the McKinley tariff policy should prevail in this country, it will be due to the fact that Sheffield, Birmingham and Manchester have been protesting against it. If the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* were to call the average honest American farmer an Englishman, the agriculturist would laugh in his face, and ask him "What are you giving me?" With all his financial closeness and habitual carelessness in the matter of international snubbery, the average American farmer would rather be mistaken for a Red Indian than for an Englishman.

The concluding paragraph of the *Gazette's* review of the Polish demonstration is an eye opener for anti-national Irishmen. It says: "If there were no distinctively Irish literature there would be no Irish question. But there is an Irish literature, because there has been an Irish nation; and when the Irish sing our songs 'The National Anthem' becomes the song of the gallows-tree, and 'God Save the Queen' turns to 'God Save Ireland.'" Amen!

GRAVE OF THE IRISH JUDAS.

The lot of the informer, whether living or dead, is a hard and ghastly one. Ireland has, most unfortunately for her fair fame, produced several of these wretches, but not more, in proportion, than nations more fortunately situated—including England herself. In fact, one of the strongest passages in Macaulay's History of England, dealing with the Rye House Plot, is that in which he declares the impossibility of Englishmen keeping political secrets. But of all modern Irish informers James Carey, because he was the head and front of the offending for which his dupes and confederates suffered, is held in most abhorrence. He betrayed those whom he seduced into the commission of crime, and then sought refuge beyond the seas, where the avenging bullet of Patrick O'Donnell found its billet in his worthless carcass. The Phœnix Park tragedy, in all its surroundings, is by far the most hideous episode in Irish history. It began horribly and it ended horribly. The dagger, the rope, the pistol and again the rope made a ghastly procession of events such as it would be difficult to match in the annals of the world. Sir Thomas Grattan Esmonde has been contributing of late to the columns of *United Ireland* an account of his travels in Australia, Africa and elsewhere. He gives the following strongly drawn picture of the last resting place, if such it may be called, of the informer Carey:

"How small the world is, after all, and how universal is the stamp of Irish association! There is a grave in Port Elizabeth inseparably linked with the recollection of Ireland's recent history, and with an episode as dark and drear and tragic as any of the many tragedies her sad annals recall. By the blue waters of Algoa Bay the bones of an Irishman have found their resting place whose deeds have earned for his unhallowed memory infamy undying, and have entitled him to rank among the loathsome hordes of Sirrs and Swans and Hempenstalls and Talbots and LeCarons, whose goulish forms stand out in dark relief from the hideous picture of England's rule of Ireland. James Carey lies near Port Elizabeth. We visited the spot. A more awful lesson was never read, nor in more awful eloquence than the moral of that far-off grave. It would even seem as if the very earth refused to harbor his clay; as if nature herself were imbued with the sentiment of his countrymen towards this poor, weak, desparate, and dishonored tool and victim of Dublin Castle officialism. It would tax the power of Dante's pen to record the horrors of that grave. Mine is miserably inadequate to the task. Upon the bare, lifeless breast of a sand-hill, where whirlwinds eddy round like evil genii, and where the scorching, searing, noisome desert blasts sweep across to the sea, with the wail and the shriek of a banshee, lies a heap of blood red stones. Upon one of these some passerby has scratched with a rusty nail: 'Carey, the informer!'"

HON. P. T. BARRY.

The Hon. P. T. Barry, of Englewood, a leading citizen of Illinois, and well known as an enterprising man of business throughout the United States, will sail from New York for Ireland, per the steamship Majestic, on the 6th inst. Mr. Barry will be absent three months, and, in that time, he hopes to see much of interest on the continent of Europe, and will also visit Great Britain and Ireland. He has been absent from the latter country since 1864, but his absence has not tamed the spirit of patriotism that has ever glowed within him. No better American citizen or truer friend of the cause of Irish liberty than Mr. Barry ever lived. THE CITIZEN wishes him most heartily a pleasant experience and safe return.

THE ANNUAL IRISH DEMONSTRATION

All preparations have been completed for the Fourteenth Annual Demonstration of the Irish-American Societies at Ogden Grove on Friday, the 15th inst. Everything indicates an immense gathering. The fireworks this year will eclipse in splendor anything that has yet been exhibited at the historic grove. They will be taken charge of by an expert of one of the leading fireworks firms of the United States. Col. Thomas L. Hartigan will turn out a battalion of his regiment, the Hibernian Rifles; Capt. L. R. Buckley will turn out the Clan-na-Gael Guards. There will be some prize drilling, and battalion movements will be included in the programme. Prof. O'Connor's military band will furnish music for the occasion. President Colby will call the afternoon meeting at 3:30 oclock, and Mr. M. J. Keane, chairman of the executive committee of the United Irish Societies, will preside thereat. This meeting will be addressed by the Hon. M. F. Wilhere, of Pennsylvania, national delegate of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, and by the Hon. Matthew P. Brady, of this city. The evening meeting, which will be called to order at 8 o'clock, will be presided over by John F. Finerty and will be addressed by the Rev. Edmund Hayes, of Imogene, Iowa, and by the Hon. Thomas Brennan, of Omaha. Nothing will be left undone to make the occasion memorable as a superb demonstration of Irish American patriotism.

MR. MICHAEL CONLON, Fifth avenue and Twenty-eighth street, this city, sailed from New York last week for Ireland. He will join there Mr. Martin Mulcahy, his friend and neighbor, and both will return to Chicago in the fall.

UNCLE JOSEPH MEDILL rolled up his American shirt-sleeves in the Chicago *Tribune* on Thursday morning and asked whether England meant war on the Behring Sea fishery question. Uncle Joseph further intimated that if John Bull felt martially inclined, America, although inclined to be patient and long suffering, would accommodate him. That is right, Uncle Joseph. Count us with you, on that issue, every time.

PERSONAL.

Miss Mary C. Gallagher has gone to Denver, Col. Miss Gallagher was one of Chicago's brightest Gaelic scholars. She is a most estimable lady, and is highly respected by her many friends and acquaintances in this city. They gave a reception in her honor on the eve of her departure for the West. Miss Gallagher expects to make Denver her future home.

T. Shea, Merchant Tailor

No. 184 East Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

ANCIENT BOYCOTTING.

A Learned and Belligerent Correspondent Goes Back a Thousand Years or So to Prove the Antiquity of "Shadowing."

But the Irish of those Days Smote the Shadowers Hip and Thigh with Knives—Uncomplimentary Reference to the Modern Irish.

[*To the Editor.*]

SIR: As the attention of all who love freedom and justice to human kind, has of late been directed to the atrocious, and, as an Englishman called it a "demnable" practise of "police shadowing" in Ireland, I wish to lay before the public a similar custom that prevailed in certain parts of that historic land almost one thousand years ago. A certain prominent Irish ecclesiastic in a recent clever book on ancient Irish schools remarks that the custom of social ostracism called in our days "boycotting" has been in vogue among Celtic peoples for over two thousand years. It is curious to find the Danes and English using precisely the same peculiar methods of oppression and social torture—the "shadow." Some orthodox religious writers teach that every mortal is attended by an accompanying devil, as well as by a guardian angel. Edmund Burke said that the Penal Laws were worthy of being hatched in hell—perhaps Balfour got his cue for the "shadowing" from the customs of his Satanic majesty's realm.

I give the following extract as nearly as I can in the spirit and style of the original fragment, which, although in Latin, looks like a translation from some such tract as the "Wars of the Irish and Danes." The extract can have no other interest than as a curiosity, and a singular instance of the repetition of history. Of course there is no fear of modern Irishmen extinguishing their "shadows" as their forefathers did. In those barbarous days Irishmen thought that liberty was worth shedding their own and their enemies' blood for; but we have progressed under the influence of modern Irish civilization beyond all that. As we read of their old fashioned way of getting rid of troublesome rascals, let us mingle with our pity for their backwardness the consideration that they had only such liberators as Brian Boru, instead of our inimitable O'Connell. If the former did liberate his country by action, and the latter did not liberate it by words or otherwise—why then let us console ourselves with the fact that it is the prevalent fashion to abuse Brian, poor man, and it was the fashion a generation ago to call Dan "the Liberator":

THE TRANSLATION.

"At this time, that is after the landing of Imair, grandson of Imair, with a fleet exceeding great, all Mumhain, but especially those parts nigh unto Luimnech (Limerick) suffered most severely from the oppression of the Pagans. Tributes of cattle and gold were levied on the territories, while the able bodied men of every family were forced to build without food or wages the duns and forts of the invaders. If any man were absent from these works by the time the sun had arisen, he must pay an ounce of silver or lose his nose. The churches were plundered and burned, the shrines of the saints broken, and the very graves of the dead violated through the hope of spoil. A fee was levied for every child that was brought to the church to be baptised, for every maiden that was given to a husband, and for every corpse that was consigned with peaceful rites to the bosom of the earth. In every house of a rustic there was quartered a common man of the Schlanns, at every meal of lords and kingly men sat the captains and leaders of the Pagans. In all the land not a comely wife nor modest, blushing maiden was free from the foul and brutal lust of these unholy offal of the freezing northern seas. Often when the foreigner returned from the drunken revels of his comrades he drove the husband from the couch of his wife—for no man then had power to give even the milk of his cow to his only son dying of thirst, without the permission of the foreign stewart or bailiff or soldier.

"What was exceedingly humiliating to the nobles of Eirinn the sons and grandsons of kings, the comely, pure, bright-eyed, free spoken, manly, privileged children of the English was, that no lordly man durst move from the door of his house to the gate of his dun without a spy of the foreigner to watch his movements. He could not receive the visit of a friend, not even the confidence of his advisers nor the instructions of his soul friend without the stranger being listening at his side. Grievous beyond expressing was it to those who before never knew what it was to serve any man nor to ask favors or permission of mortal, that they were now forced to have a foreign serfly barbarian overseer, from whom they were compelled to ask leave to comply with the calls of nature.

"At this time Hinckmar, son of Sigurd, became enamored of the daughter of a man of the Dal-Cais, to-wit, Cathail son of Lugaid. As her maiden price he offered to free the nobles of Thuadh Mumhan from this most degrading espionage. Cathail resolved to accept the offer of the foreigner,—who forthwith had strong-bladed, sharp pointed, venomous edged, piercing, ripping, rending, curved handled, horn hafted knives distributed secretly to the nobles and champions of the Gaedhal. These they concealed in their dress, in their furniture, in the handles of their tools, and between the flesh and skin of their own bodies. From the time that Imair had occupied Limerick no Gaedhal had permission to carry other iron weapon than a spade or reaping hook. When all had been supplied with these strong, keen, reliable steel-bladed, horn-handled knives, they would betake themselves to the hills, woods and other secret places, and there would they suddenly plunge their knives in the hearts of the foreigners—by which means multitudes of them perished, so that once more the people had time to take their breath and go on their errands unaccompanied by their evil attendants. Thus by degrees the natives took courage, and the foreigners were cast down from the haughty height of their pride, until the lions of valor, the heroes of the western world, the sons of Kennedy arose and overthrew the power of the Gaill."

Thus ends this very curious extract, or at least as much of it as serves our present purpose. With the action of Hinckmar it is worth while to compare the advice of Mr. Labouchere, who lately recommended the men of Munster to pit the blackthorn against the baton of the peeler. Of course care must be taken not to draw blood in the cause of Irish liberty, even when it is the blood of the renegade peelers, for it must never be forgotten that O'Connell taught that "all the liberty in Europe is not worth the shedding of one drop of blood." If some rags be rolled around the blackthorns they may only bruise the peelers' skulls, and so keep the great gospel of O'Connell inviolate. There is a great difference between the strong-bladed, keen, long, horn-handled knives, with which the Dal Cais exorcised their "shadowers," and a blackthorn swathed in rags; but there is quite as much difference between the men that fought under the sons of Kennedy and the two-legged animals, with white livers, that lie under the feet of a dog faced baboon like Balfour. Good night, Mr. Editor.

DAVID O'B. GRIFFITH.

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.

[*London Spectator (Tory) July 12th.*]

Mr. John F. Finerty, in his recently published book, "Warpath and Bivouac," gives the following account of a Sioux grave and of its end:

"On that day for the first time I saw an indian 'grave.' It was situated on a little bluff above the creek. After dismounting I went up to observe it. The Sioux never put their dead under ground. This 'grave' was a buffalo hide supported by willow slips and leather thongs, strapped upon four cotton-wood poles, about six feet high. The corpse had been either removed by the Indians themselves or by the miners who had passed through a few days before. Around lay two blue blankets with red trimmings, a piece of jacket all covered with beads, a moccasin, a fragment of Highland tartan, a brilliant shawl and a quantity of horse hair. Scarcely had I noticed these objects when a squad of young fellows from the 9th Infantry walked up the hill after firewood. They evidently were lacking in the bump of veneration, as the following remarks will show:

'Hello, Sam, what in h— is that?'

'That—oh, that is the lay-out of some d—d dead Indian. Let's pull it down. Here, boys, each of you grab a pole and we'll tear it up by the roots.'

They did tear it up by the roots, and within ten minutes the Indian tomb was helping to boil the dinners of the 9th Infantry.

Thus the relationship of all men to each other in point of savagery was established. The Sioux defaced the white graves at Reno. The whites converted the Sioux funeral pedestal into kindling wood. It was all the same to the dead on both sides."

Interesting, too, is the story of the brave bugler, Metzker, who fought so valiantly when Fetterman's party was massacred in 1866, that the Indians, though they mutilated the rest of the dead, spared his body and covered his remains with a buffalo robe. It is like Sir Francis Doyle's poem on "The Red Thread of Honour." The first fighting Mr. Finerty saw was a fusillade on the ninth of June, 1876. Mr. Finerty was accompanied by an excellent scout, Gruard, half French, half Sandwich Islander by birth, married to a Sioux woman. This man was afterwards most serviceable in a scouting party which with difficulty escaped from the Indians. As they marched against the enemy the Crow allies of the army had a great Buffalo hunt, in which needless slaughter was done in picturesque circumstances. Thus:

"All at once we ascended to the crest of a grassy slope and then a sight burst upon us calculated to thrill the coldest heart in the command. Far as the eye could reach on both sides of our route the somber, superp buffalo were grezing in thousands! The earth was brown with them. "Steady, men, keep your ranks," was the command of the officers from front to rear, as many of the younger soldiers rendered frantic by the sight of the noble game made a movement as if to break from the column in wild pursuit. Then arose on our right and left such a storm of discordant shouts as can only come from savage throats. The Crow warriors on the west, and the Shoshones on the east, throwing off all that might impede them, and leaving the abandoned traps to the care of their docile squaws, dashed off like mounted maniacs and made for the gigantic herd of bisons. Then rang out the crack of the rifle, the whoop and the yell of triumph, as buffalo after buffalo went down before the fire of those matchless horsemen and superb shots! The bisons, for great, lumbering, hump-backed, short-headed creatures, ran like the wind, but the fleet Indian ponies soon brought their wild riders within range, and the work of destruction proceeded apace. The iron discipline of the army kept the soldiers in their ranks, but their glowing cheeks and kindling eyes proclaimed the feverish excitement, the Nimrod passion that consumed them.

Next day the battle of the Rosebud, so called from the wild roses on the banks of the little stream, was fought. It was not very decisive, the Indians crowning and being driven from a series of heights. Colonel Henry, whose face was broken to pieces by a bullet, made a remark of Roman merit. Mr. Finerty condoled with him as he lay under the only available shadow—that of his horse. The Colonel replied in a low but firm voice: "It is nothing. For this we are soldiers." In the battle the U. S. troops expended no less than twenty-five thousand rounds of ammunition. The Indians, firing as a rule from horseback, were not better shots. The correspondents took their own share in the fighting. Mr. Finerty remarked that the Indians, on the death of a comrade, were not so stoical as he had believed. The young men, at least, wept as copiously "as if they had been of Caucasian race." The next and much the best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunination had occasion to expend much of it. The Americans occupied a pretty strong post with a wood behind it through which, after a great deal of firing, they had to retreat. They felt that if wounded suicide was better than falling alive into the hands of the enemy. Led by Gruard, they crept off unobserved amused by the thought of the Indians' disappointment when they came for the scalps of the party which had vanished. They had a most difficult country to retreat through, scaling a gigantic mountain wall diagonally. From its crest they saw the camp of the main body twenty miles away, and half starved and almost dead with thirst made their road down. They saw a number of Sioux below, but were not observed, and after crossing a deep river at last reached camp. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

* * * * * * *

The battle of Slim Buttes was a hideous affair:

"That was a peculiar picture of Indian warfare at Slim Buttes. There a dead cavalry horse lay on his side on the western bank of the bloody burrow, while Tom Moore's mule, his feet sticking up in the air, lay on his back about thirty yards nearer to the abandoned tepees. On the southern slope of the embankment in the line of fire, face downward, the weight of his body resting on his forehead and knees, the stiff, dead hands, still grasping the fully cocked carbine, two empty cartridge shells lying beside him, lay John Wenzel. He had been shot through the brain—the bullet entering the left jaw from below and passing out through the top of his head—by either American Horse or Charging Bear, after having fired twice into the gully."

Mr. Finerty regrets that some of the soldiers scalped the dead. White men have usually been very prone to adopt savage customs. Finally Dull Knife and Crazy Horse surrendered. The war was ended on the British line in 1879, and Mr. Finerty at last beheld Sitting Bull—not a handsome man, and not painted. His voice was melodious, his manners were excellent. "Major," he pronounced "Meejor." He enjoyed a joke. There was a palaver, and Bad Soup observed that "few Americans spoke the truth. He hoped Mr. Finerty would be an exception." And we have no doubt that he is in this rather prolix but amusing book of his. In the long run Sitting Bull and the rest were starved out, and had to "come in" to the American agencies. The Americans did not behave honorably to the Sioux; but we see very little reason to hope that any European power in the same set of circumstances would have behaved much better to the unlucky savages. Our own record is not so fair that we can afford to be critical. The white man calls the savage treacherous, and we have seen what Bad Soup said about the American white man. Maoris and Zulus may have no higher opinion of ourselves.

IMPRESSIVE CEREMONIES.

Laying of the Corner-stone of the New Parochial Schools in St. Vincent's Parish on Sunday Last.

The members of St. Vincent's parish, of this city have reason to be proud of last Sunday's excellent work. It was the laying of the corner stone of the new parochial school, and it was carried out in the most successful manner. The good Fathers of the Congregation of the Mission who have had, from the beginning, charge of the parish, are especially zealous in the cause of education, and the fulfilment of their hope for years of having schools worthy of the parish must be a source of heartfelt pleasure to them.

The ceremonies on Sunday were most interesting and impressive, and the people of the parish and others turned out in force to witness them. At 4:30 o'clock the procession headed by the children and a band proceeded from the church to the school. These were followed by the Very Rev. Father Dowling, vicar general of the diocese (who officiated in the archbishop's absence), and the Rev. T. V. Nugent, C.M., the widely known and eloquent president of Cape Girardeau College, who had been chosen as the orator of the day. Following came Rev. Fathers O'Gara, McShane, M. Barth, P. O'Brien, and P. Conway of Evanston, P. H. McLoughlin of the Holy Name, and Father Celestine, O.S.B., and the following Vincentians: Rev. Thomas Abbott, W. Barnwell, John Moore, P. Judge, P. V. Byrne, James Devine, and Henry Asmuth.

After the laying of the stone and the blessing of the walls of the new building, the Rev. Father Nugent addressed the immense audience on the duties of Catholics to their church. He said the majority of the young men of today were going through life with no thought of their God, their church, or a hereafter, seemingly satisfied to take life as it is and not looking to a higher being for strength to resist the temptations which daily beset them. The time was auspicious to say a few words in praise of the Catholic church, which had fought against the prejudices of the masses in America for a hundred years or more and had prospered and grown to an extent almost beyond comprehension.

At one time many people were of the opinion that the Catholic church was antagonistic to the government, but that idea has been driven from their minds. The reverend father claimed that an ideal government could never be realized without authority, liberty, and religion.

Speaking of the women of the Catholic church, the speaker said he pointed to them with pride, and said that they were bright flowers in the desert, clinging to the church with that same devotion manifested ages ago, and begged them to look to their children's spiritual education, as the school's education which they now received benefitted only the brain, and left the heart untutored. He wanted them to look well to the education of the male sex in all matters pertaining to the church, as they needed a guiding hand. In conclusion he touched upon the press, which he called the educator of the masses, and said that even there it was shown day after day how fast the ranks of the infidels grow.

IRISH NEWS.

Interesting Items of General and Personal News from all Parts of Ireland.

LEINSTER.

SAD DROWNING OF TWO CHILDREN.

A sad accident occurred at Newhouses, Wexford. Kate and Ellen Sinnett, aged eleven and nine, respectively, were playing about a marl-hole when the younger fell into it, and the other in her efforts to save her, also fell in.

BIER STEEPLECHASES.

Unsettled weather was the order at Birr, on July 10th, but despite the frequent showers of heavy rain the attendance was of respectable proportions. Everything passed off well.

EVICTION NOTICES.

The eviction notices in Ireland during the quarter ending June 3rd, have been very numerous. The total number filed in the county courts was 1,910, and the number in the superior courts 57, making a total of 1,967. The following are the court figures for each county: Antrim, 24; Armagh, 80; Carlow, 7; Cavan, 156; Clare, 54; Cork, 54; Donegal, 416; Down, 51; Dublin, 1; Fermanagh, 37; Galway, 30; Kerry, 57; Kildare, 6; Kilkenny, 22; King's County, 38; Leitrim, 26; Limerick, 39; Londonderry, 19; Longford, 49; Louth, 9; Mayo, 219; Meath, 18; Monaghan, 96; Queen's County, 33; Roscommon, 55; Sligo, 74; Tipperary, 58; Tyrone, 53; Waterford, 12; Westmeath, 23; Wexford, 26; Wicklow, 5; County Courts, 1,910.

TESTIMONIAL.

Mr. Carew, M. P., addressed a meeting of his constituents at Prosperous, in the county Kildare, recently, and the occasion was availed of to present Mr. Carew with a very substantial testimony of the esteem in which he is held by the people whom he so well represents. Just a year ago Mr. Carew was escorted a prisoner from Kilmainham to appear as defendant before a Belfast jury brought against him by Removable Vesey Fitzgerald.

TESTIMONIAL TO JOHN KELLY.

A large and representative meeting was held in the Mansion house for the purpose of furthering a national testimonial to Mr. John Kelly on his release from his fourth term of imprisonment.

BANKRUPTCY OF MR. QUINN, M. P.

At the second meeting of the creditors of Mr. Thomas Quinn, M. P., in London, the creditors confirmed the scheme of arrangement agreed upon at the first meeting, providing for the payment of a composition of 3s in the £1—half in cash and the balance in six months.

DEATHS.

A man named Michael Donohoe was found dead in his house in the Shannon, Enniscorthy, recently.

July 5th, at his residence, Ballyclumack, Stephen Martin, aged 70, after a short illness, deeply and deservedly regretted by a large circle of friends.

July 4th, at the infirmary, Gorey, John C. Anderson, R.I.C., Crohen county, Wexford, aged 19, years, only son of the late Sergeant Anderson, Stradbally, Co., Waterford, grandson of the late Matthew Connolly, Ballypatrick, Thurles, county Tipperary, died under most painful circumstances.

July 8th, at Michael street, Wexford, John Dovereux. Deceased had been employed for many years in the Harbour Commissioners' tug, and was highly respected.

July 8th, at his residence, Ballyconnor, Broadway, Patrick Keating, aged 71 years.

SAD CASE OF DROWNING.

The wife of Sergeant-Major Fitzgerald, of the Wicklow Artillery Militia while bathing at Wicklow, lately, was suddenly seized with a faintness, and being helpless to save herself was drowned before any assistance was forthcoming.

A POLICE PRESENTMENT THROWN OUT.

At the Naas Presentment Sessions an application was made for a grant of £8 10s 10½ for the maintenance of an extra police force during the attempt to enforce Colonel Forbes' precept at Clongorey. The application was refused on the ground that the claim should be levied off the property of the person who was responsible for the illegality.

WEXFORD ASSIZES.

At the Wexford Summer Assizes, Mr. Justice O'Brien, presiding, said that there were not more than four bills to be laid before the grand jury, all of which were in relation to offences of the ordinary kind.

WESTMEATH.

The Right Hon. Mr. Justice Johnson, addressing the Westmeath grand jury, July 4th, said there were five cases to go before them—one of manslaughter, two of larceny, one of rape, and one of highway robbery.

Joseph Egan, a blacksmith, was indicted that he did on the 28th of April feloniously kill and slay one Patrick Dar in the vicinity of Tyrrells pass, in this county. The jury acquited the prisoner.

"NOT GUILTY"

Mrs. Warren, the Kiltealy, county Wexford, cancer curer, has been acquitted. A jury found her not guilty of the charge of manslaughter brought against her.

DROWNED IN THE DODDER.

The coroner for the county Dublin, Dr. Henry L. Harty, J. P., held an inquest on the body of a young man named Matthew Gilmer, who was found dead in the river Dodder, and the jury returned a verdict of "found drowned."

"WHEN WE WERE BOYS."

The *Speaker* says that Mr. William O'Brien has been consulting theatrical managers as to the dramatization of his novel. Mr. O'Brien, according to the *Speaker*, considers that "When we Were Boys" would be very striking on the stage, but the *Speaker* does not agree with him in this opinion.

MURDERED HIS MOTHER,

At Ballyneale, county Kilkenny, near the border of county Wexford, a man named Edward Hart has been arrested on a charge of having murdered and mutilated his mother with a hatchet. Some fishermen state that when they found him he was actually eating part of the flesh hewn off the body. He had formerly, it is said, been refused admission to a lunatic asylum. At the coroner's inquest a verdict of wilful murder was returned against him.

MUNSTER.

WATERFORD ASSIZES.

The conclusion of the ordinary assize business, the roll of presentments for the city of Waterford came before the Lord Chief Baron for his fiat, his lordship having refused on the previous day to fiat them in consequence of the refusal of the grand jury to pass a police presentment to the amount of £32.

His Lordship said: Now am I to take it, gentleman, you still decline to present this sum?

The Foreman (Mr. Hearne, T. C.): Yes, my lord.

The Lord Chief Baron: Very well. (To the clerk of the crown: There's the order. (To the grand jury): Now I discharge you. I fiat all the other presentments now.

The order referred to is a special order for the levy of the police presentment.

HEAVY SENTENCE.

At Tipperary, before Mr. G. H. Shannon, R. M., a young man named John Riordan was charged by Constable Nilson with groaning at him on the 26th instwhilst on duty in William O'Brien street. He was ordered to find bail to be of good behavior for twelve months, or in default to go in jail for six months. Mr. Shannon refused the defendant permission to leave court to procure bail, and he was then taken into custody.

EXTRAORDINARY PROCEEDINGS.

At Fermoy Quarter Sessions, before the Recorder of Cork, Patrick Stanton, a Ponsonby campaigner, appealed from the decision of the Castlemartyr magistrates sentencing him to three months hard labor, the charge being that he had used intimidation towards Ellen Gorman to prevent her from purchasing cattle belonging to Jeremiah Jordan. In giving his decision, he said, boycotting bore the same relation to moonlighting as pocket-picking did to highway robbery. Stanton interrupting said: That will do, your worship, pass the sentence. His Honor, concluding, said he had great pleasure in confirming the sentence of the magistrates. Stanton: We did not expect any better of you. His Honor: If you say much more I will give you three months more. Stanton: Do your best. His Honor: Give him another month. Stanton was then taken into custody and brought to Cork jail.

STRIKE.

The employes in the brick yard at Youghal struck. They number 300. The cause of the strike was for an increase of wages.

MURDER CHARGE.

Bartholomew Sullivan and Patrick Hackett, who are in custody charged with the murder of Patrick Fishlve, at Heirbill near Ballyheigue, on the 30th of August, 1886, were again brought up at the courthouse, Tralee, on July 7th, before Messrs. Roche and Shannon, R. M.'s, and on the application of Mr. Newell, D. I., who stated that Mr. Morphy, crown prosecutor had got charge of the cases, they were again remanded.

CONNAUGHT.

A FERMANAGH MAGISTRATE IMPRISONED

Mr. W. Redmond asked the chief secretary whether Mr. Edward Atthill, of Advarney House, Ejerney, county Fermanagh, who was arrested and lodged in Sligo jail on a charge of forgery, is a magistrate for Fermanagh, and, if so, is he to be allowed to retain his commission of the peace? The chief secretary replied that he was informed that Mr. Atthill was not arrested on a charge of forgery, but was imprisoned for contempt of court.

TENANTS' VICTORY ON THE BRABAZON ESTATE.

A great victory has been gained by the tenants on the above-named property. The landlord, Mr. Brabazon, has sued them for a large amount of unreclaimed bog, which the tenants have held in possession for the last 104 years. County Court Judge O'Connor Morris gave his decision against the tenants, but the sturdy men of Clooncan would not abide by that decision. Their solicitor, Mr. Scroope of Castlerea, made an appeal before the judge of assize. It was heard at Roscommon on the 11th inst. The tenants won the case. Their claim was very ably argued by Mr. Bodkin, B. L.

HENRY M. A. MURPHY.

Before the lord chancellor, Henry M. A. Murphy, Esq., of Fort Lorenzo, Galway, (brother of Patrick Murphy, merchant, Shop street, Tuam) was sworn in as solicitor of the supreme court of justice in Ireland. Mr. Murphy was apprenticed to James W. Blake, Esq., S.C.S., Galway, and intends to practice in Galway.

PLEADED GUILTY.

At the Roscommon assizes a man named Timothy Naughton pleaded guilty to the manslaughter of Thomas Cunningham, near Ballinasloe, on March 8 He was sentenced to six months' imprisonment, to date from his committal two months ago.

"Finding Paths to California."

At the time of Gen. Fremont's death he was engaged upon the manuscript of a paper for *The Century's* forthcoming series on the California Gold Hunters. It was to be entitled "Finding Paths to California," and was not only to deal with the several exploring expeditions, but to narrate the writer's intimate connection with the events which led to the conquest and occupation of the territory. The work will be promptly continued by Mrs. Fremont. A first draft of the article had been made, and the subject had been so recently and closely discussed by General and Mrs. Fremont that she will have no trouble in completing the manuscript, for which she had already written an introduction, as well as a supplement describing her life at Monterey in 1849. A fine portrait of Gen. Fremont from a daguerreotype of '49 or '50 will appear in the September number of *The Century*, along with portraits of Commodores Sloat and Stockton, "Duke" Gwin, and Governor Burnett, in an article giving account of "How California Came into the Union."

NEWS NOTES.

John Greenleaf Whittier will spend this month at Centre Harbor, N.H.

Two passers of counterfeit two dollar silver certificates were arrested in New York last week.

Several patients are now under treatment at the Chicago Hydrophobia Hospital.

By a vote of 1 533 to 20 the cloakmakers of New York decided to continue their strike.

The American riflemen had an enthusiastic greeting at Bingen on the Rhine.

The population of New York city, as determined by a rough official count, is 1,513,501.

A sword has been found on the backs of the Passaic river, bearing the name of Major Andre. It is believed to be that of the noted spy.

The disasterous fire that occurred last Friday in the Western Union Telegraph Building, New York, did $200,000 damage besides affecting the business interests of the entire country.

The employes of the British admiralty, war office, and post office, have begun the formation of a union of government workmen, for strike or other purpose.

The Law and Order League of Indianapolis has started out on a big crusade. It has had the proprietors of all unsavory resorts in the city indicted.

George J. Gould has placed eight elk and five deer in his park, near Arkville, in the Catskills. The animals came from Colorado and were received in good order.

Five hundred puddlers are on the strike at the American Iron Works, Pittsburg, because, as they claim, the iron furnished them is of so poor a quality that extra work is required to boil it.

A few days ago the keeper of the New York State deer park at the base of Slide Mountain, in the Catskills, discovered a wild female deer near the confines of the park. By an ingenious arrangement he succeeded in inducing the doe to pass through the entrance to the enclosure and thus secured it.

ATHLETICS IN IRELAND.

There was a very large gathering in Kellyville park to witness the Queen's county championship games, on July 13. The match between the Heath and Moyanna clubs was very interesting. The moment the ball was thrown up the Heath men carried it into their opponents' ground, where they kept it until they succeeded in scoring a goal by a very neat bit of play, within ten minutes. The score stood: Heath, 1 goal and 3 points: Moyanna, 1 point. Referee, R. P. Fennell. The next match, Athy vs Stradbally, was even more interesting; the score at close of time was 3 goals and 8 points for Athy to nil for Stradbally. Referee, James Murphy, of Kellyville.

The Aghabullogue hurlers defeated the Aghadas at Blarney, July 13, by the decisive score of 7 goals and 4 points to one goal and 1 point.

The second last of the series of matches for the championship of West Waterford was played on the grounds of the Dungarvan team on July 13. The competing teams were Kinsalibeg (near Youghal) and Kilgobinet. Kinsalibeg was declared the victor. The best possible good humor prevailed during the progress of the match, and no more exciting event in connection with football has been seen for some time.

A handball match between Martin Doyle and G. Black, Athy, and P. Holohan and P. McDonald, Carlow, took place in the racquet court, Carlow, on Sunday week. The contest was for two silver medals, and there was a main of nine games. The Athy players were declared the winners, and received congratulations all round.

The Coorawn ball alley is between Oylegate and Enniscorthy. The people assembled there on Sunday fortnight gave a frigid reception to a pair of worthies who patronized the Slob races, and who own a race horse between them. The racing men were not allowed to play ball. To the amazement and amusement of the district there was a draft of police in the alley on Sunday week, and under their protection the objectionable parties had a game of ball with some stable hands from Edermine. The sport will be better on future Sundays.

The final tie for the championship of the county Cork was played off at Mallow between the Middleton and Dromtarrifle teams. The contest was close and exciting. The Midleton men defeated their opponents and secured the county championship. This is the second time in succession the Midleton team secured premier honors in taking the championship of Cork county at football, having won last year.

A meeting of the County Kildare Committee was held at Kildare on July 6, Mr. Denis Brennan, Kilcullen, presiding. There were also present Messrs. Edward Kelly, Clane; Charles Heferman, Kildare; treasurer; Arthur Corrigan, Ballymore-Eustace; P. T. Lalor, Athy; John Langton, Moorfield; Patrick Talbot, Kildare; William Kennedy, Monasterevan, and Patrick Dowling, Kilcullen, honorary secretary. The final match for the hurling championship, to be played between Monasterevan and Moorfield, was fixed for July 20, at Kilcullen. Mr. Regan, of the Athy club, kindly consented to act as referee. An objection was lodged by Monasterevan against Clane getting the championship match (football) played on June 29 at Moorfield, on the grounds—1. That Monasterevan played against 22 men; 2. that there was a free kick allowed Clane for the ball striking the outsiders three or four yards inside the goal line, when there was a Monasterevan man inside to play it. After a careful consideration of the facts of the case, Mr. Lalor moved: "It having been decided by the county committee that Mr. Kelly had no right to be among the players on the field while his own team was engaged, I beg to propose that the match between Monasterevan and Clane be replayed. The motion was seconded by Mr. Corrigan and passed.

A LAMENT FOR THE WILD GEESE.

Miss Katharine Tynan has, in her collected poems, a "Lament for the Wild Geese," which is one of the best in the collection. But the following on the same subject, which appeared in the Boston *Pilot*, is one of the most beautifully pathetic poems our gifted poet has written:

I have heard the curlew crying
By a lonely moor and mere;
And the sea-gull's shriek at the gloaming
Is a lonely sound in the air.
And I've heard the brown thrush mourning
For her children stolen away,
But it's Oh for the Wild Geese
Who cried ere the dawn of day!

For the curlew out on the moorland
Hath five fine eggs in the nest;
And the thrush will get her a new love
And sing her song with the best.
As the swallow flies to the summer
Will the gull return to the sea;
And the spring will follow the winter,
The rose will ope to the bee,

But never again my Wild Geese
Will fly to the empty nest,
And it's ill to be roaming, roaming
With the homesick heart in the breast.
Oh, long in the land of the stranger
They'll pine for the land far away!
But, day of Aughrim, my sorrow
'Twas you were the bitter day!

OBITUARY.

MR JOHN O'CONNELL.

Mr. John O'Connell, of the Holy Family parish, died at his residence on the 19th ult. His funeral occurred from the house to the Jesuit church on July 21, and was very largely attended. The deceased gentleman was held in high esteem by all who knew him, and his death is sincerely mourned. The Rev. Father Wineman preached the funeral sermon, and did ample justice to the noble qualities that distinguished Mr. O'Connell in life. The pallbearers were Messrs. J. E. O'Brien, P. Rafferty, D. M. McCarthy, F. Nagle, J. J. Curran and D. Donahoe. The choir which assisted at the requiem mass was composed of Mrs. O'Leary, Miss Callaghan, Prof. Mueller and Messrs. Phelan and Murphy. The interment was at Calvary cemetery. Mr. O Connell was a native of Ballyclough, near Mallow, county Cork, and was 62 years of age at the time of his death. He leaves two sons and a daughter, for whom deep sympathy is felt, as they have lost, so far as this earth is concerned, one of the best of fathers. *Requiescat in pace.*

A GRAND COMBINATION.

Fast Time, Perfect Comfort, Absolute Safety.

These are the inducements offered the traveling public by the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway, one of the youngest and beyond dispute one of the best railways upon the continent. Its Vestibuled Compartment Sleeping Cars, run on through trains, are marvels of elegance, and add to beauty and luxury perfect ventilation, making them the most desirable at all seasons of the year. The Dining Car service is fully up to the best standard, and the entire equipment of the trains of this road is new. W. R Busenbark, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

Through Vestibuled and Colonist Sleepers Between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore.

The Wisconsin Central and Northern Pacific lines run through Pullman Vestibuled and Colonist Sleepers between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore The train known as the "Pacific Express" leaves the Grand Central Passenger Station, at the corner of Fifth avenue and Harrison street, at 10:45 p.m. daily. For tickets, berths in Pullman or Colonist Sleepers, etc., apply to Geo. K. Thompson, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, 205 Clark street, or to F. J. Eddy, Depot Ticket Agent, Grand Central Passenger Station, corner Fifth avenue and Harrison street, Chicago, Ill.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK, OF CHICAGO.

At Chicago, in the State of Illinois, at the close of business July 18, 1890.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$17,206,747.19
Overdrafts		5,416 48
U. S. bonds to secure circulation		50,000.00
United States bonds on hand		35 750.00
Other stocks, bonds and mortgages		923 860.00
Bank building		500,000.00
Due from other national banks	$2,656,691.70	
Due from State banks and bankers	1,641,586.90	
Checks and other cash items	1 476 95	
Exchanges for Clearing House	1,641,084.24	
Bills of other banks	150,600.00	
Fractional paper currency, nickels, and pennies	8,317 55	
Specie	5,541,441.50	
Legal-tender notes	1,195,000.00	
Redemption fund with U S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation).	2 250.00	
Due from U.S. Treasurer other than 5 per cent redemption fund	23,000 00	
		12,261,448.84
Total		$30 983,342.51

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in		$3,000,000.00
Surplus fund		2 000,000.00
Undivided profits		461,478.36
Dividends unpaid		5,745.00
Individual deposits, subject to check	$11,206,985.23	
Demand certificates of deposit	1 103 109.80	
Certified checks	319 344 20	
Cashier's checks outstanding	171,630.15	
Due to other national banks	8,176,036 07	
Due to State banks and bankers	4,439,013.70	
		25,516 119.15
Total		$30,983,342.51

State of Illinois, Cook County, ss.—I, Henry R. Symonds, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true, to the best of my knowledge and belief.

HENRY R. SYMONDS, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 24th day of July, 1890.

HOLMES HOGE, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest: S. M. NICKERSON, R. F. LAWRENCE, EUGENE S. PIKE, Directors.

THE BOOK OF THE DAY!

Extracts From Leading American Newspapers in Regard to "War path and Bivouac," by John F. Finerty.

East, West, North and South Unite in Praise of the Stirring and Martial Story of the Indian Wars.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptiveness of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skilful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.

[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

ENTERTAINING AS A ROMANTIC NOVEL.

[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. It's arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

A ROMANTIC AND LIVING INTEREST.

[*Catholic Union and Times, Buffalo, N. Y.*]

Aside from the delightful entertainment furnished by the recital of the author's thrilling experiences, the volume has an historic value as being a faithful account of what will in all probability be the last great Indian war to take place on this continent. The power of the Redmen was broken in these campaigns and there after their war cry was destined to fade more and more into the echoes of romantic fiction and legendary story. Hence there is a delicious and living interest in the narrative of Mr. Finerty.

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures." It is no slight praise, and yet no undeserved praise, to mention Mr. Finerty's book beside those fascinating volumes. * * * It has the advantage of being written at first instead of at second hand, with the touch of nature only to be found in such narratives."

NO BOOK GIVES MORE THRILLING EXPERIENCES.

[*Irish-American, N. Y.*]

No book ever written about Indians does their heroic qualities more justice than does the one under notice; and no book ever written—not even a novel—gives more thrilling experiences, recounts more hair-breadth escapes, or portrays more vividly the horrors and hardships of an Indian campaign. Its author, although a newspaper correspondent, was in reality a soldier; he had his choice either to go with the command as a volunteer, or not to go at all. Every one that went with it had to take his full share of all the hardships and dangers No other newspaper correspondent went through such dangers and hardships as Mr. Finerty did. He can boast of having done what no other man of his profession did; the commonest private in the ranks went through no more danger than he did. His book is, therefore, the most interesting of any of the kind ever written.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull. He may be said to have been the last of the great war chiefs able to oppose for a season by craft and courage the march of the white man; for although there have been and will be, desultory fighting towards the Mexican frontier, these Apache raids do not attain the dignity of Indian warfare. The episode of the last Sioux war had touches of romantic and dramatic interest to its close."

FULL OF FIRE AND ENTHUSIASM.

[*Irish World.*]

"Warpath and Bivouac. The work, which has just been given to the public under the above title, is ably written, and its descriptions are full of the fire and enthusiasm of Mr. Finerty, who is himself of martial mold and evidently delighted in the dangers and deeds of bravery in which he himself acted a conspicuous and honorable part, and the story of which he tells with the familiar knowledge of personal observation."

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

"Probably the most exciting chapters of the work are those in which are described the adventures of the Sibley scouting expedition, which the author obtained leave to accompany, and which came near resulting in the capture and death of all who took part in it. The story of the way in which this little band of men were surprised by the Indians, of their siege by ever-increasing numbers of savage foes, of their stout resistance, and of their skilfully managed retreat when all escape seemed hopeless, is none the less interesting because it is strictly true, and is quite as thrilling as a chapter of Fenimore Cooper's novels."

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

CAPT. BOURKE'S CRITICISM.

[*Journal U. S. Cavalry Association.*]

Finerty's book comes closer to supplying the needed link in the chain of our frontier military history than any other with which I am acquainted; it is to all intents and purposes a reproduction of the vivid and graphic letters which stamped him as one of the most observant critics who followed our expeditions in the Big Horn and Yellowstone country in 1876-77-78 and 1879.

The life of our soldiers, their hardships, privations and dangers are photographed with fidelity and in proper focus; the privations and dangers are given as a matter of course, are not magnified and are allowed to speak for themselves.

* * * * * * *

Finerty criticized military movements freely and, in the main, in an able and judicious manner; he certainly tried to be fair and impartial and got his facts on the skirmish line, so that no one could complain of his inferences, no matter what they might be.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

READS LIKE A THRILLING ROMANCE.

[*Nashville (Tenn.) American.*]

It reads like a thrilling romance—stirring the blood and holding the interest without abatement to the end. It is a notable contribution to the history of the conquest of the wild tribes of the great plains—the bravest of all the savage warrior races that ever tried to stay the tide of Caucasian supremacy.

FULL OF MARTIAL INCIDENT.

[*Richmond, (Va.) Times.*]

Its compilation is most undoubtedly from life pictures of the cruel war between the civil and hostile nations, and no energy but the true Chicagoan, and no pluck but the genuine American, could have induced an historian to ride like a trooper across the far western morass and prairie, live like a soldier, and, in fact, everything except "die like a soldier," smoke the pipe with Spotted Eagle, meet in council of war Sitting Bull, and dodge the tomahawk of Painted Face. All this did Mr. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, that his paper and this work should teem with the events of the bloody period. The work, as its name would indicate, is full of martial incident, heroism and daring. There is no lack of "heavy villians" in the very live plot, and romantic situations abound.

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.

[*Chicago Morning News.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre, have never been equaled."

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West. An excellent map shows the theatre of the war."

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

USEFUL AND FASCINATING.

[*St. Louis Republic.*]

"The writer, who is a newspaper veteran of the first rank, has avoided a sensational style, and tells his story in a straightforward, manly fashion, like one who has seen the dangers recited face to face, and been thereby impressed with the stern reality of such hard experiences. Yet the anecdotes and reminiscences of camp life interwoven into the narrative brighten it up, and the whole makes a work that is at once useful as history and fascinating as a narration of the most stirring adventures that it is in the lot of any man to go through."

TERMS:

"Warpath and Bivouac" comprises two parts in one octavo volume of over 460 pages, with Map and Illustrations, in two styles of binding, Half Morocco, Gilt Edges, at $3 50 per volume; and Extra Fine, Silk Finished Cloth, with Marble Edges, at $2 per volume. All subscriptions and orders should be sent to JOHN F. FINERTY, 79 DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO, and to him all checks, money orders, etc., should be made payable.

MY LESSON.

I told a secret! It wasn't much
For a little girl to tell;
And I only told it, softly and low,
To my intimate school mate, Belle.

But the silly secret grew and grew,
And all around it spread,
Until at last it was hard to find
The thing I had really said.

And when I sat in mamma's lap,
With all my troubles told,
She said 'twas the "matter great" that grew
From the "little fire" of old.

So I learned a lesson well that night
Before I went to bed,
And mamma gave me a rule to keep,
And this is what she said:

"The only way is never to say
A word that can offend;
Not even close to the listening ear
Of the dearest intimate friend!"
—Youth's Companion.

A TENNIS ROMANCE.

Francis Robinson had fallen in love. No one besides himself suspected it, not even his mother, who knew better than any one else how much her son was capable of feeling. No one, you see, thought of love in connection with Francis. He was "nice," of course. How he wished sometimes he wasn't. Then at least people would have some definite feeling about him. He wasn't stupid at all. Indeed, he had always learned easily and been near the top of his classes both in schools and at his university. All his comrades liked him well enough—no one ever thought of detesting him. He had a very clear mind, approaching brilliancy, and he could talk fairly well—as well as most of the men he knew. He was just ordinarily well looking, but who cares if a man is handsome or not? And of all things deliver us from a pretty man! But Francis Robinson wasn't naturally a person you would "take to," as the phrase goes. He couldn't help it, and you certainly couldn't either.

He had fallen in love, I said. He had shown good taste in his choice—far more taste than sense most people would have said. For who wants to nourish or encourage a hopeless affection? The girl was pretty and she was bright, very attractive in every way. Why shouldn't he fall in love with her if he wanted to, pray? But why should he? Do you think he could hope for a return of his regard?

He sat down determinedly one day in the privacy of his own room to decide the matter. He put it before himself as impartially as he could. He was used to communing with and consulting himself, for he had never had a friend dear enough to open his heart to. This is the way he put the case—he was studying for the bar, so the expression fits:

"I am young. I am not handsome, but I don't think that need count. I have money enough now to support a wife well and hope to earn more soon. I am in sound health, mentally as well as physically. I am not dull. I can and will make a mark in the world. I love Alice Starr. Why should I not make her care for me? I am certain she cares for no one else. Very well, I am not worthy of her, but no man is or ever will be, and if she will marry me I will make my life such that she need never be ashamed of any act in it. How am I to convince her of this? If I should tell her now she would think me mad, and justly. First I must do something worthy of notice, that is sure. I can't write. I never could excell that way. It will be some time yet before I can hope to distinguish myself in court. What can I do?"

There he had to leave the problem, and for some time it remained unsolved. What could he do? He asked himself again and again. This thought of the law court most naturally recurred to him, since that was his avocation in life. Suddenly, one day, as he was riding solitarily along a by street in Harwinton, his native town, he saw something that gave him his great idea. He reined in his horse so quickly that that peaceful animal was profoundly surprised, and doubtless pondered, with equine gravity, the why and wherefore of it in his stable afterward.

"By Jove!" thought and almost said Francis Robinson, "I have it. I'll win my laurels in one kind of a court, anyway. She is just devoted to tennis, and if I can't get to be champion of this town in that, with such an aim, I am more of an idiot than I think I am."

Which shows that at least he had some self confidence. He went to work immediately. He played tennis a little, of course, but had never devoted much time or thought to it. Perhaps this was partly due lately to the fact that he was not a member of Alice Starr's club. "Alice Starr's club" I say advisedly, for she was the leading spirit as well as the best player in it. Francis knew he could get into the club, otherwise known as the "Special," if he tried, but first he must play well. For over a month he devoted hours each day to practice with his racket and ball, at first in a tete-a-tete with the side of the house and then with any one he could lure into his toils. He had a fine court made on his own lawn, the better to entice people to practice.

With his determination he succeeded finely, and when he applied for admittance to the Special he knew he was up to any member in it unless it were Alice Starr. He might have waited a little longer, but he was getting impatient, and people were getting tired of being beaten. He was admitted to the club easily enough. I have said that no one disliked him, and if members didn't want to play with him they needn't. It is a fact worthy of notice that every individual who had been practiced on and of late badly beaten had forgotten to mention the fact. It was just beastly luck anyway, and on his own court, too. So there was no general impression of his good playing, as there might have been if his partners had been more generous in giving to the world their scores.

A day or two after he had been enrolled as a member Francis walked into the grounds one afternoon just as play was at its height. The five courts were all occupied just then, but soon, one being left, a man who thought it was rather a shame Robinson shouldn't have a game his first day, you know, asked him to play. Robinson gladly consented, though he knew Graves did not do much at it. At any rate it was a start, and he beat his adversary a straight set with provoking coolness. Graves had waked up a little by this time, and calling to a passing friend he said:

"I say, Fairfield, don't you want to play? I am no use today and Robinson's been knocking me all out."

Fairfield assented: "Well, yes, he would have a try"—with a smile that plainly said, "We'll see how small fry like Robinson will show up on my playing," for he was one of the best men in the club. To his surprise, however, he found himself unaccountably beaten at every game. He got aroused, then angry, but it was only the worse for him. Robinson simply played better than ever. At last, after two sets, one Robinson's straight and the other 6-2, he became disgusted and said:

"Well, I'm down on my luck, too. I think I won't play any more. That serve of yours is very clever, Robinson."

By the time they stopped almost every one was getting tired, and a group in which Alice Starr was standing had been watching them for some time. Robinson turned to her and said: "Won't you try one, Miss Starr? It seems a pity to stop so soon. Single or double, as you prefer."

Alice was by no means averse to displaying her excellent work and she was never weary, so they chose a court. To the satisfaction of both, no one else cared to play. Every one watched them, as theirs was the only court occupied. To every one's surprise—especially to Fairfield's—Robinson's good luck seemed to stand by him. How provoking it was! Alice would get vantage so easily, then lose the game. She grew more and more astonished as time went on. If Mr. Robinson had only seemed to try to play! But he didn't. He stood around as easily as possible and didn't even seem to exert himself at all, but just reached out lazily and returned the most difficult balls.

"Jupiter!" said Jamie Wright, whose chief occupation in life was to make supposedly witty comments on other people's actions; "Jupiter! I never saw a fellow play like that. It looks as if he stood in one place and reached out in all directions—regular octopus, don't you know!" And that is the way Francis pretty soon became known as Octo Robinson.

All the young people walked up town together. Francis felt to walk with Alice would seem rather triumphant to her, so he contented himself with talking to her dearest friend Janet Gray. At some complimentary remark of hers he answered:

"You mustn't forget, Miss Janet, that all my life almost I have practiced in ball playing. There's nothing in the world like that—especially amateur with all its tricks—to make a man's wrist as limber as an eel—forgive the comparison. Miss Starr has not had the advantage of that practice, but she plays magnificently—better than I should have ever thought possible without early training."

When Janet, as in duty bound, repeated this conversation to her friend Alice laughed and said:

"Mr. Robinson is shrewder than I thought. Little he knows of the hours and hours George and I have practiced curves in the back yard. If it hadn't been for that I never could have played so well."

All the rest of the summer Francis had chances for games with his star. Harwinton was in the transition state from borough to city, and was not yet so large that every one left it in the pleasantest season of the year. There were lovely drives around it, too, and the young people of the Special often took them together. Of course, when Alice saw Francis so much at the courts she thought of him, naturally, as her particular escort on such occasions, to

* * carry fan and tippet, gloves and shawl.

And yet she did not think of love. One always stands up for one's heroes, however unpretending they may be, but surely I am justified in saying that mine showed great self restraint and wisdom in keeping so long from telling Alice, even by a look, his secret. Seeing her almost every day, and often being alone with her, it was hard indeed to keep silent respecting his love for her. But he was succeeding in gaining at least her unconscious assent to his constant attention, and that seemed to him a long stride toward his goal.

He had convinced her of his physical ability, but how to do so of his mental? The chance came with the October winds. The tennis courts must be abandoned, but must the pleasant intercourse of the Special be dropped, too? Certainly not! The club had a very pretty house on the grounds, and this could easily be made suitable for winter. It was soon in order. Alice Starr was interested, and as Jamie Wright remarked: "When Miss Starr does take hold of a thing it's got to go!"

Once a week the rooms were to be opened in the evening and twice for reading and billiards—they had a particularly good table in the afternoon. A club of older people was started for the benefit of the chaperons and one parlor was given up to them. One was kept for dancing for the younger ones, while up stairs, besides the billiard room, two dressing rooms were utilised for cards and other games. In connection with this, at Alice Starr's suggestion, a debating club was formed. Any member of the club was entitled to membership, and two of the first names on the list were those of Alice Starr and Janet Gray. This opened the way for other girls, and pretty soon it was discovered that the list held an almost equal number of men's and girls' names. The debates took place once in two weeks and each time the speakers were appointed for the next.

Francis Robinson waited eagerly for his chance. A man and a girl supported each side, and after this an informal discussion by all the members followed, and, from Octo Robinson's swift, brilliant little speeches then, much was expected when he should take a leading part. The night came at last when he heard his name. He was to lead the negative with Mary Graves against Alice Starr and Henry Fairfield. The subject of debate was the following:

Resolved, That women should be allowed equal privileges with men at the polls and in public office.

Francis had one great advantage in this—a sincere conviction against it; that counts for a deal everywhere and most of all when one is unused to making any given point of view one's own. Francis put his whole heart in the work. All the first week he thought about it, racking his brains for novel and convincing argument, and at the beginning of the second commenced to write. It was perfectly allowable and very general to have a written speech, but he had no such idea as that. How could he impress everyone by his brilliancy if he constantly referred to an inglorious copy? Just as if he weren't sure what he did think!

Alice Starr worked hard, too. She had never given much thought to the subject before, not thinking it practical, but as she studied it she warmed to it more and more, and by the fatal Wednesday night was at a white heat. She herself had taken a different phase of the idea than she had thought her opponents likely to choose and given the more usual view of it to Fairfield. He, partly through devotion to her and partly through dislike of Octo Robinson, had done his best.

There was an unusually full meeting on that Wednesday evening, and even Francis felt a little shy. Fairfield opened the debate with a really bright speech, and the applause was warm at his eloquent peroration. Then Mary Graves. She was very quick, and, catching at one or two defective points in Fairchild's argument, turned the tide in her favor. After a pause Alice rose. She, too, had decided to speak without notes, and her eloquence and fire fairly carried away her little audience. Francis was naturally quick himself, but she fairly dazzled him to-night, and when she sat down he felt that he had nothing to say in answer to her unique brilliancy. But then, the great oration that he had prepared with so much care! Surely that, with its flash of conviction, would eclipse the fire of Alice Starr's words.

So he arose and, with an earnestness that surprised every one, began. His first few sentences impressed everybody, but suddenly he looked at Alice Starr. Her eyes were fixed on him with a look almost of fear—fear lest he should snatch away the laurel she so longed for. At that look he stopped. After a moment's silence he went on for a sentence or two, but it seemed that every idea had fled from him. He looked at Alice Starr again, paused a moment and then said slowly:

"I hope every one will pardon me. The unexpected turn of my opponent's argument has just put me all out. I leave the field with the hope that some one here may fill the place I cannot."

He turned and left the room, and for a moment dead silence reigned. Then a murmur of comment arose and half a dozen sprang up at once to give their support to the negative.

Francis Robinson walked slowly out of the building, mechanically putting on his coat and hat as he went through the hall, and went on to the broad veranda. He stopped a moment, and then bethinking himself of a peculiar corner of the veranda, where he would be secure from intrusion, he went there and sat down on one of the benches. He took off his hat and let the cool air strike his forehead and sat gazing blankly at the courts. He tried to think, but it seemed almost impossible. His last chance was gone. Alice would even despise him now. How long he sat there he did not know, but at length he heard the applause that he knew must be for the announcement of the judges' decision, and he wondered if Alice were happy now. He sat with his face in his hands and did not hear a step approaching. Another person had thought of this retired spot and had come here to think. But she stopped as she turned the corner and looked in silence at the dejected figure a moment. Then she said softly:

"I hope I do not disturb you, Mr. Robinson."

He started to his feet and his face showed still more the pain he was suffering.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "I did not hear you. Certainly not—you do not disturb me, I mean."

An awkward pause ensued. She broke it. "You must not feel like that. I don't know what to say, but it wasn't your fault. No one thinks of it against you."

"Can't you see it isn't that?" he answered almost fiercely. "It was my great chance. I thought if I could make you see I really wasn't stupid, commonplace, I might win your love. And now—now you despise me, or at least you think me a fool. What do I care what others think? It was you I worked for."

There was another pause, and then she said slowly in an almost inaudible tone:

"But how do you know till you ask me, Francis?"

He seized her hands and his happiness. His defeat had done what his success perhaps never would have. A moment later she added, with a happy little laugh:

"And you needn't feel so badly. There were lots ready to help you, and it didn't take the judges long to decide in favor of the negative. So you see you won your point and your fiancee, too."—Isabel Dyrol in Springfield Homestead.

A Monster Salmon.

Mr. Ffennell writes: "I had the opportunity of weighing and measuring in Mr. Grove's shop in Bond street a remarkably fine salmon—the finest, indeed, both as to condition and weight, which has reached the London market. When put into the scales it just turned the weight at sixty-three pounds. It was a male fish, and measured from tip of snout to the middle 55 inches, and round the middle 29 inches. This monster was taken in tail nets at Montrose."—Public Opinion.

WHAT AILS THE WATCH?

PERHAPS YOU HAVE BEEN RIDING IN AN ELECTRIC CAR.

Hundreds of Timepieces Go Crazy Because the Electrical Fluid Magnetizes the Works—Jewelers Have Many Complaints—Electrical Roads Responsible.

"What is the matter with my watch?"

The speaker, a well dressed, middle aged man, laid his handsome gold stem winder on the showcase of a big Broadway jewelry store and looked daggers at the clerk.

While the attendant was quietly opening the case and giving a little twist to the winder preliminary to a fuller examination the angry gentleman continued to air his grievances.

He had purchased the timepiece at that very establishment, he asserted, about a year before, and had paid a good round price for it, too. That was all right; he didn't care about the cost, but he did object to a firm guaranteeing that a watch was first class in every respect when it didn't keep as good time as a second hand hand-organ.

While he had been speaking the clerk had taken a small needle magnet out of the case and placed it in front of the irate watch owner.

"Excuse me, but where do you live, sir?" asked the clerk as the man stopped talking for a moment to wipe off his forehead and regain his breath.

"Live?" said he; "why, at Jamaica, L. I., and that watch has caused me to miss four trains out of five during the three weeks I've been down there."

"Been riding on the electric railway, haven't you, sir?" said the clerk with a smile of satisfaction; "for your watch is about as thoroughly magnetized as any I ever saw."

ELECTRIC RAILWAYS TO BLAME.

For the first time light dawned on the customer's mind.

He was one of a large number of New Yorkers who were spending the summer months on the line of the electric road that runs between East New York and Jamaica.

He had never had any trouble with his timepiece before, and he now remembered that he had heard many like complaints of watches going wrong among his fellow passengers.

When the needle of the magnet had become perfectly stationary the clerk held the works of the watch squarely above it. Instantly the needle began to vibrate, first one way and then another, until the man was convinced that the clerk's diagnosis was the correct one.

"That was the third case of the kind we have had today," said the jeweler when the gentleman had gone.

Several workmen, he said, were kept constantly busy on that kind of repairing alone. When a watch had been tested and found to be magnetized it was at once taken apart and the works, even to the most minute portions, were then subjected to an individual test. Then came the process of demagnetizing, which usually took from three to five days, according to the strength and quantity of the magnetic fluid with which they had become charged.

It is only those parts which are made of steel, he continued, that were much affected, as gold and nickel would not ordinarly take in a sufficient quantity to cause any trouble.

Numerous other stores were visited by the reporter, and in every instance the employes reported that scarcely a day passed without from one to a half dozen watches being left to be demagnetized.

AN AMUSING INCIDENT.

"A peculiarity of a magnetized watch," said one clerk, "is that it will change from fast to slow a half dozen times a day.

"A rather amusing incident occurred the other day," said the clerk, "when a young lady, who had just come up from Asbury park, walked in and said she 'just wanted to see that man who had told her that he had demagnetized her watch.'"

She had been in some two weeks before, it seemed, and left her watch, and a few days afterward had received it from the clerk with the assurance that it had been thoroughly demagnetized.

"Before night had fallen on that same day," the clerk went on, "she was once more a passenger on an electric car and once more was her watch charged with the electricity."

It took considerable argument to convince her, he said, that demagnetizing a watch did not make it forever proof against the ravages of the electric fluid, as did vaccination against those of smallpox.

The storage batteries on the Fourth avenue horse cars were held responsible by another jeweler for the magnetizing of many watches. Most people did not suspect the cause, he said, and it was only after they had suffered great inconvenience as a result of the eccentricities of their theretofore reliable timekeepers that they learned from their jeweler what the matter was.

The more delicate the works the more susceptible they were, he said, to magnetic influence. This accounted for the fact that the larger percentage of watches brought to him were those that were of the finest manufacture and consequently of the greatest value.—New York Journal.

The Public Pulse.

Great Editor (gleefully)—How many extra copies were sold yesterday?

Business Manager—Only one.

"Eh? What? Only one! Why, we had a ten column article on the outrageous way in which Chinamen are being smuggled across the Canadian border. Only sold one extra copy! My! my! Who bought that?"

"A woman who is looking for Chinese servants."—New York Weekly.

A Witty Wife.

"John, you are a fool."

"I am, am I? How do you make me a fool?"

"Bless you, I don't make you a fool. You make a fool of yourself."—Boston Courier.

A laundrymaid pretty and stout,
Was lately in trouble and doubt,
For her best counterpanes
Had some very black stains
But SANTA CLAUS SOAP took them out.

SANTA CLAUS SOAP—made only by N. K. FAIRBANK & CO., Chicago.

Queer Things About Teeth.

Teeth have been worshiped, and, in fact, are venerated as relics in some religious shrines. Buddha's tooth is preserved in a temple in India; the Cingalese worship the tooth of a monkey, while an elephant's tooth and shark's tooth serve a similar purpose among the Malabar islanders and the Tonga islanders respectively. The Siamese were formerly the possessors of the tooth of a sacred monkey which they valued very highly. In a war with the Portugese they lost the sacred grinder, along with much gold and precious stones.

They cared nothing, comparatively, for the real valuables, but made every effort, it is said, to recover the tooth, offering as high as 700,000 crowns for its safe return. The Portuguese were not slow to see the bargain and let the worthless relic go; it is now kept in a small gold box, inclosed in six other boxes, in one of the many sacred temples of the Siamese capital.

There is a tradition that the human jaw was formerly provided with forty-two teeth, and that the number was reduced to thirty-two when Chosroes, the Persian king, stole the piece of the true cross enshrined at Constantinople.—St. Louis Republic.

Catarrh and Breathing.

Catarrh is called the American disease, and it is a very burdensome and repulsive affliction. Inasmuch as it baffles the skill of most physicians, and has filled the drug stores with a multitude of would be remedies, competent medical advice should always be sought at its first manifestations. Its cure, after it has been neglected and become chronic, is a matter of doubt. Competent medical opinion is not wanting, however, to the effect that a simple change of habit will do much as a preventive measure, and also to assist in the cure. "Let our people learn to breathe as nature intended they should breathe, through the nose," said a prominent physician in discussing the matter, "and the evil of catarrh will speedily disappear." This may be a sweeping assertion, but it is worthy of notice that nearly all cases of this disease appear among those who habitually breathe through the mouth.—Good Housekeeping.

Past and Present.

Her mother found the young bride of only three months in tears.

"What is it, darling?" she asked, with that solicitude of mothers-in-law anxious to make out a case.

"Why, Albert," she sobbed, "spoke this morning before he left of what he used to say was love's kiss on my chin. He said the dimple there was"——

"Well, well!"

"He said when he came to look at it closer it was nothing but a pimple."—Philadelphia Times.

Not a Kick, But——.

Wise Mother (from head of stairs)—My dear, I wish you wouldn't sit up half the night reading novels.

Pretty Daughter (from the parlor)—Why, ma, I'm not reading. Mr. Lilliwhite is here.

Wise Mother—Oh, I beg his pardon. I thought you had gone, Mr. Lilliwhite, and I was afraid my daughter was injuring her eyes reading. It seems I was mistaken. Probably the noise I took to be the front door closing was only the hall clock striking 10.—New York Weekly.

Ugly Postage Stamps.

Uncle Sam's stamps are just about the ugliest in the world, because cheapness is made a great object in their production. Somewhat over twenty years ago the United States had by far the most beautiful stamps in existence. This decadence must be regarded as a melancholy symptom by those who consider that postage stamps as well as coins should be expressive of a nation's artistic development.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

A Young Heathen.

"My child is a born infidel," said an astonished mother. "Good-by, God," said Nellie, as she kissed her hand to the sky. "Thank you, God, for the flowers, the pretty flowers, and eberyting."

"Nellie, that is naughty," said the anxious mother. "It's better than that 'laid me down to die prayer,' and I tink God likes it better," answered the little maiden.—New York Tribune.

A Small Watch.

A watchmaker in Newcastle, England, recently completed a set of three gold shirt studs, in one of which is a watch that keeps excellent time. The three studs are connected by a strip of silver inside the shirt bosom, and the watch, contained in the middle one, is wound up by turning the stud above. The hands are set by turning the one below.—Philadelphia Ledger.

THE RIDE INTO KENTUCKY.

A Traveler's Impressions of the Famous Blue Grass Regions.

All the way from Washington till I struck the heart of Kentucky the farmer in me was unhappy; he saw hardly a seed of land that he would like to call his own. But that remnant of the wild man of the woods, which most of us still carry, saw much that delighted him, especially down the New river, where the rocks and the waters and the steep forest clad mountains were as wild and as savage as anything he had known in his early Darwinian ages. But when we emerged upon the banks of the Great Kanawha the man of the woods lost his interest and the man of the fields saw little that was comforting.

When we cross the line into Kentucky, I said, we shall see a change. But no, we did not. The farmer still groaned in spirit; no thrifty farms, no substantial homes, no neat villages, no good roads anywhere, but squalor and sterility on every hand. Nearly all the afternoon we rode through a country like the poorer parts of New England, unredeemed by anything like New England thrift. It was a country of coal, a very new country, geologically speaking, and the top soil did not seem to have had time to become deepened and enriched by vegetable mold.

Near sundown, as I glanced out of the window, I thought I began to see a change. Presently I was very sure I did. It began to appear in the more grassy character of the woods. Then I caught sight of peculiarly soft and uniform grassy patches here and there in the open. Then in a few moments more the train had fairly shot us into the edge of the blue grass region, and the farmer in me began to be on the alert. We had passed in a twinkling from a portion of the earth's surface which is new, which is of yesterday, to a portion which is of the oldest, from the carboniferous to the lower silurian. Here upon this lower silurian the earth that saw and nourished the great monsters and dragons was growing the delicate blue grass. It had taken all these millions upon millions of years to prepare the way for this little plant to grow to perfection.

I thought I had never seen fields and low hills look so soft in the twilight; they seemed clad in greenish gray fur. As we neared Mount Sterling how fat and smooth the land looked; what long, even, gently flowing lines against the fading western sky, broken here and there by herds of slowly grazing or else reposing and ruminating cattle! What peace and plenty it suggested! From a land raw and crude and bitter like unripe fruit we had suddenly been transported into the midst of one ripe and mellow with the fullness of time. It was sweet to look upon. I was seized with a strong desire to go forth and taste it by a stroll through it in the twilight. —John Burroughs in Century.

Father and Son.

The late Charles C. Waite, at one time proprietor of the old Sherman house, Chicago, and for many years a leading hotel keeper of New York city (being sole proprietor of the Brevoort house and part proprietor of the Windsor hotel), at his death left a son, Charles B. Waite, whom he fondly hoped would be his successor in business. The young man was a failure, however, as a hotel keeper and worse than a failure as a politician. His connection with other boodle aldermen in New York is well remembered and two or three years ago he left that city for California, where he has since led a desultory existence. For years the elder Waite employed as chef of the Brevoort house Eugene Mehl, who was very justly regarded as one of the most capable men that ever took charge of a kitchen and to whom Mr Waite paid for many years the munificent salary of $8,000 per annum. Mr. Mehl is now the successful proprietor of the handsome Hotel Ryan, at St. Paul, Minn., and, to his credit be it said, he has given employment to Charles B. Waite, who is now performing the duties of superintendent at the Hotel Ryan.—Hotel Reporter.

Beef Tea.

For my own use I prefer for its flavor and quality beef tea made in the following manner: Take a pound of the round of beef or any juicy lean part; cut it in small pieces, and putting it in a bowl pour over it one pint of cold water. Let it stand half an hour or more, as convenient; then put it in a broad basin, and as it begins to heat press the meat with the back of a silver or wooden spoon, until all the juice is expressed. If the water cooks away add a little from the teakettle, so as to have the same quantity when done. Season it with a little salt and pepper, if allowable, and heat as needed. I prefer this for use without straining.—Cor. Good Housek

A WONDERFUL GROWING STONE.

A Spring Trickles Over It and Petrifies Each New Growth of Moss.

In a deep, dark ravine, in North Beaver township, Lawrence county, is a phenomenon in the shape of a growing rock. Fifty years ago, when it was first noticed, an inverted wooden pail would almost cover it. Today it is a great bowlder, ten feet in height and fifteen feet or more in circumference, and weighing not less than fifty tons. During the summer months it is covered with dense, rich moss two or three inches deep, through which the water from a spring trickles continually.

The wonder maker is the little spring, so small at this season that a few pails of water dipped from it would drain it dry. But it works in a manner very different from the dripping water in caves that carries a burden of limestone in solution with it, and leaves its wonders in stalagmites and stalactites.

The outer formation of this rock has a limestone appearance, but once remove the moss and chisel into the gritty surface, and the real beauty and peculiarity of the rock is seen. A cellular formation, like a mammoth sponge, is discovered, and about the cells is stone as hard as adamant. On cutting further in, this cell-like substance is found to continue, but it seems to have been transformed into a translucent flint.

This remarkable petrifaction has been wrought by the action of the water from the spring upon the moss. The water seems to have the singular property of turning into stone everything that is brought in contact with it for any length of time. It has an acid taste, and is doubtless heavily charged with mineral substances, although thus far it has never been analyzed. The most remarkable fact about it is that it accomplishes so much in so short a time. The moss grows luxuriantly in the dark hollow, and the lapidescent quality of the water has operated year after year upon the layers of moss, turning them into a honeycomb of stone, and adding to what was at first a small rock, until today there is this great bowlder of petrified vegetation. A short time after the moss begins to grow in the spring it commences to solidify at the roots and the petrifaction follows closely on the track of the growing moss like the formation of coral on the work of the coral insects. As it progresses the dark green of the vegetation becomes yellowish, then changes to brown, and darkens as the rock grows older.

The moss is not all that is perpetuated in stone by the action of the water. Plants, leaves, twigs, every vegetable substance that has fallen on the rock and lain there has been impregnated with it, and, as by the touch of an inexorable fate, been turned into stone by it. Stratum upon stratum of the moss stone has grown over them, and many such objects are now to be found hermetically sealed deep in the heart of the rock.

To the mineralogist the rock is a mine of treasure and delight. No one ever chisels into that flinty bowlder without coming upon leaves and twigs petrified among the moss and securing many fine specimens to rejoice his heart and make envious less fortunate mortals. Those who have visited it thus far say there is not another such curiosity known in the world.

The people in the neighborhood have long known of the remarkable qualities of this spring. Mrs. William Allsworth first discovered it nearly fifty years ago. Then the rock was ten feet or more below the spring. Now it has climbed up the side of the bank until it is partially above the level of the spring, and has turned the water of the little brook that comes down the ravine somewhat out of its course.

Mr. Allsworth and some of his neighbors intend to try the experiment of fastening a frog or some other creature in such a way that the water will have a chance to act upon it, and see whether it will fill up animal tissues with its mineral burden as it has done the vegetable ones that have come in continued contact with it. They firmly believe it will, and there seems little reason to doubt it.

Heretofore the spring and the wonderful rock it has builded have been little known outside the immediate neighborhood. The little ravine where it is situated puts down through rough and broken country near the Beaver river, and the wonder is difficult of access. This comparative inaccessibility has saved it in large measure from the raids of relic hunters, and prevented the accumulations from being greatly disturbed.

Now and then the curious have visited it, and of late a few geologists have studied it, and specimens of the strange formation have been carried off, but the bowlder shows no apparent diminution. The water still works its miracle of petrification, and will doubtless continue to do so as long as it has a chance to act upon any living tissue.—New Castle Cor. Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Strike Averted.

Allegheny City has a rich young man whose life is a burden to him because he has nothing to employ his time. A happy thought struck him, and going to the proprietor of a man's furnishing store he offered his services without recompense. He had enough money, but he wanted work. His offer was accepted. The young fellow enjoyed the change for a few days until his fellow employes discovered he was working without pay. They at once held an indignation meeting and decided that they would be ruined by the cheap labor of rich men. A vigorous protest was made to the proprietor of the store, and to avert a strike he sent a note to the Alleghenian telling him his occupation was gone.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A locomotive working under a pressure of 140 to 160 pounds to the square inch may move a railway train at a velocity of sixty miles per hour, which we are apt to think of as a wonderful speed. But it is slow compared with the rate of motion of the projectile from a modern great gun. Such projectile flies at the rate of 1,365 miles per hour impelled by a pressure of 35,000 to 40,000 pounds per square inch.

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"For several years, in the spring months, I used to be troubled with a drowsy, tired feeling, and a dull pain in the small of my back, so bad, at times, as to prevent my being able to walk, the least sudden motion causing me severe distress. Frequently, boils and rashes would break out on various parts of the body. By the advice of friends and my family physician, I began the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla and continued it till the poison in my blood was thoroughly eradicated."—L. W. English, Montgomery City, Mo.

"My system was all run down; my skin rough and of yellowish hue. I tried various remedies, and while some of them gave me temporary relief, none of them did any permanent good. At last I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, continuing it exclusively for a considerable time, and am pleased to say that it completely

Cured Me.

I presume my liver was very much out of order, and the blood impure in consequence. I feel that I cannot too highly recommend Ayer's Sarsaparilla to any one afflicted as I was."—Mrs. N. A. Smith, Glover, Vt.

"For years I suffered from scrofula and blood diseases. The doctors' prescriptions and several so-called blood-purifiers being of no avail, I was at last advised by a friend to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I did so, and now feel like a new man, being fully restored to health."—C. N. Frink, Decorah, Iowa.

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Columbia Court No. 2—Thos Malley, C R, 24 Rumsey st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 2 Smart st; E D LaTourneau, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr J B Phelan, C P. Meet 1st Thursday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in McElroy's hall, corner Indiana and Paulina sts.

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St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D BSullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2967 State st; Henry S Hewson, R S, 3518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 508 28th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J O Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3623 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 833 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday, 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 383 Wells st; J P Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; P McChambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Rielly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Demlauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 361 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Sousee, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; F Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1098 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Both, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Folz, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2301 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, SouthChicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 23—B Burns, C R, 4433 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hara, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E N Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Logenis's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 89 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas F Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 186 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Lovreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 338 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 526 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thomnetz, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Kaier, R S, 299 W Thirteenth st; John McGhee, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—C A Hawley, C R, 850 N Hoyne av; Edmond O'Foley, R S, 412 Waubansia av; Joseph E Gleason, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Vema, C P. Meet corner Robey and Milwaukee av, 1st and 3d Sunday, 3 p m.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29—Paxel, C R, 883 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schlitz, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m

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St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtonh, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 282 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 8 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

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St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson avs.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Somitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Keller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J J Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr O W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Rohrer, R S, 223 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas; Dr F H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, 1st Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5534 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Aiphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont avs.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 109 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas: Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; H P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Semmers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Fiok, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 158 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 381 Orchard st; B E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. Meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st, 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P M Hickey, C R, 1422 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 420 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Niersbach, F S; Chas Trauscht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brucciani, C R, 436 milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pierozi, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Allen, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jasques, Treas. Meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teefy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J R Daly, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall

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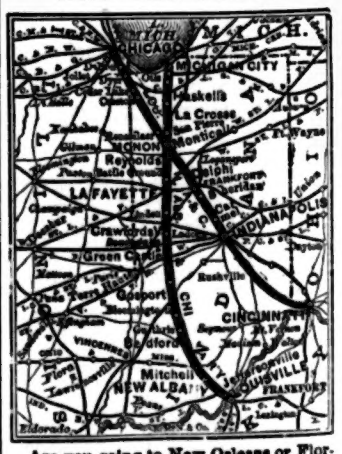

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